

MAN'S LIFE VISITS

A LEGAL SEX SHOW--SOUTH OF THE BORDER!

Man's Life

The Action
Magazine
For Men

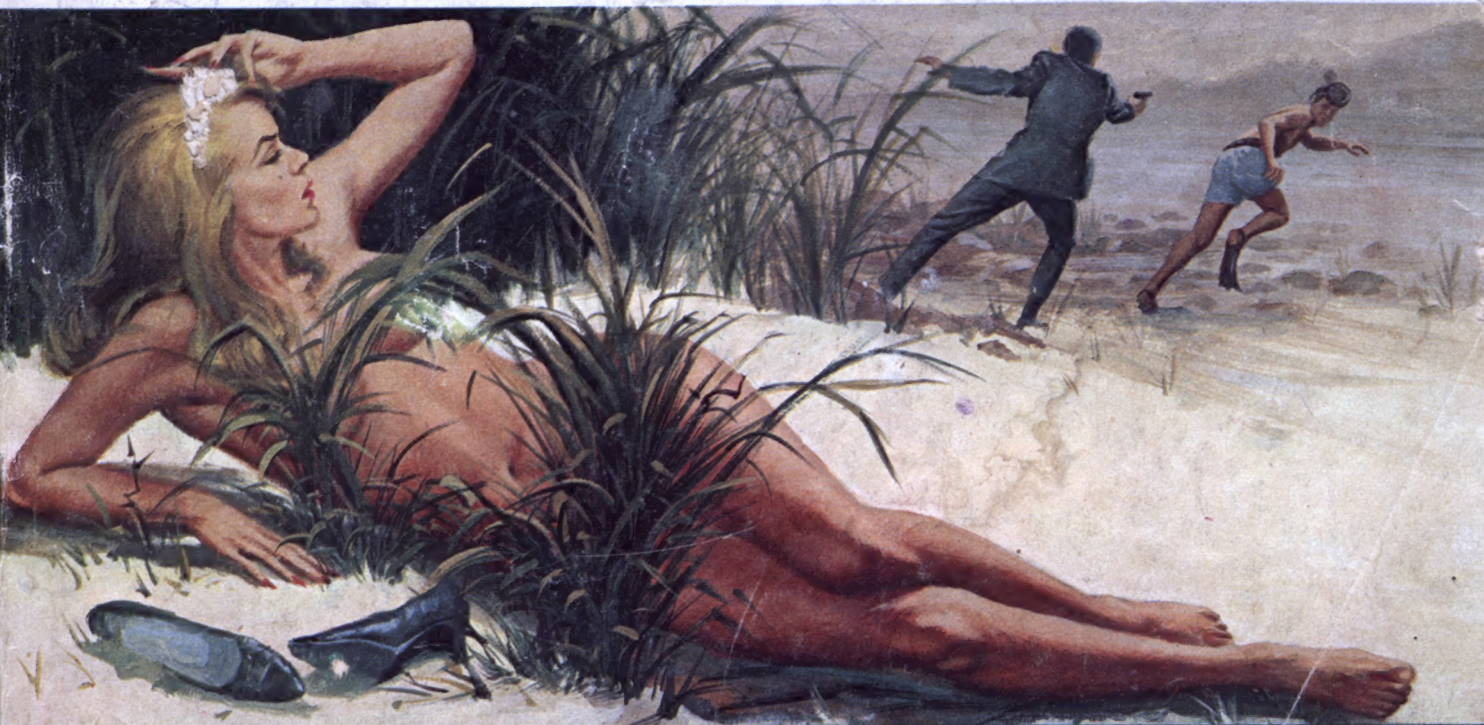
MAR. 35¢ PDC

**ARE YOU PLANNING ON
A HEART ATTACK**

Medical Science Tells You What
You Can Do To Save Your Life!

THE NEW FLAREUP BETWEEN
RUSSIA AND CHINA

**THE SCREAMING
KILLERS WHO
ARE PREPARING
WORLD WAR III**



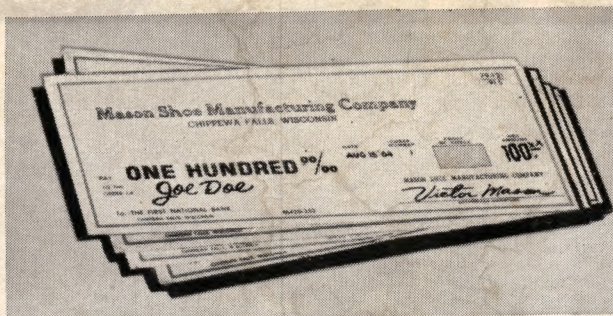
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IN A BLAZE OF HELL

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BURNING TO
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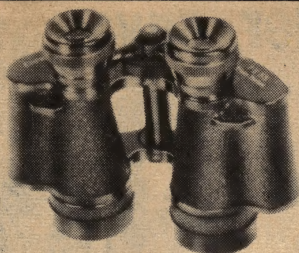
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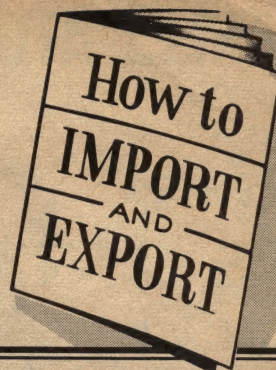
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TELLS HOW
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CHARLES ATLAS, World's #1 Body-Builder, says:

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Let Me SHOW How I Can Make You
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pupils eligible.



TAKE A GOOD HONEST LOOK AT YOURSELF! Are you proud of your body — or are you satisfied to go through life being just "half the man" you could be?

No matter how ashamed you are of your present physical condition — or how old or young you are — the "sleeping" muscles already present in your body can turn you into a real HE-MAN! Believe me, I *know* — because I was once a skinny, scrawny, 97-pound half-alive weakling! People used to laugh at my build and make fun of me. I was ashamed to strip for sports or the beach . . . shy of girls . . . afraid of healthy competition.

How I Changed From A "Mouse" To A MAN!

One day, I discovered a secret that changed me from a timid, frightened scarecrow into "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man" — a "magic formula" that can help turn *you*, too, into a marvelous physical specimen . . . a real HE-MAN from head to toe . . . a guy that STANDS OUT in any crowd!

What's my secret? DYNAMIC TENSION — the *natural* method! No theory. No gadgets or contraptions. *You just do as I did.* Simply take the "sleeping" muscles already present inside your own body — build them up — use them every day in walking, bending over, reaching, even sitting! Almost before you know it, you're covered with a brand-new suit of beautiful, rock-hard SOLID MUSCLE!

My Secret Builds Muscles FAST!

Just 15 minutes each day in the privacy of your own room — that's all it takes to make your chest and shoulder muscles swell so big they almost split your coat seams . . . to turn your fists into sledge-hammers

(Continued on next page)



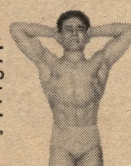
This old snapshot shows how thin and spindly I was as a 97-lb. weakling at the age of fifteen.

Here Are 4 of The Men I've Helped



SIDNEY LOEV

"I've found your excellent system of DYNAMIC TENSION to be the best way to develop a beautiful physique, boundless energy, amazing strength, and perfect health."



JOHN GONZALEZ

"Before I took your course I tried a lot of stuff. But nothing made my muscles pop up the way you have. I am a real HE-MAN now, thanks to you."

EUGEN C. REES

"My health is wonderful. I never could tear a telephone book in half, but now I can, not by trickery, but by sheer strength."



PHIL SANTILLO

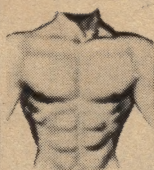
"I have noticed tremendous results. On my construction job they call me 'Muscles' — because every part of my body ripples."



Half A Man!

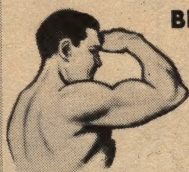
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DYNAMIC TENSION can add **SOLID INCHES** of powerful new muscle to your chest and shoulders — make you look and feel like a dynamo of strength and manly stamina!

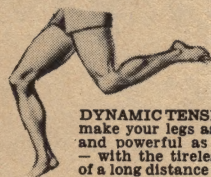
2



BIG ARMS

DYNAMIC TENSION can add power to your arms, make your biceps steel-hard. You'll see and feel **RESULTS** in a short time!

3 TIRELESS LEGS



DYNAMIC TENSION can make your legs as strong and powerful as pistons — with the tireless drive of a long distance runner!

4



ENERGY & STAMINA

DYNAMIC TENSION can quickly rebuild you inside and out — give you the strength, energy, and stamina of a champion athlete!

5 MAGNETIC PERSONALITY



DYNAMIC TENSION, by increasing your confidence in yourself, helps to drive out shyness and timidity — makes you alive with vitality... the hit of any party... the **MAN** men respect and women admire!

6



MORE SOLID WEIGHT

DYNAMIC TENSION builds you up with solid weight in the right places — does away with flabby, unhealthy fat — lines your stomach and body with muscles that stand up to any punch!

... THEN MAIL THIS NOW!

(Continued from preceding page)

...to give you a battering ram punch...to put solid inches of muscle on your torso...to build mighty legs that never tire!

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| ☐ POWERFUL ARMS | ☐ MAGNETIC PERSONALITY |
| ☐ BATTERING RAM PUNCH | ☐ SOLID WEIGHT |

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KEEP PRESENT JOB UNTIL READY TO SWITCH

Step into this fast-moving Accident Investigation field. *Already* hundreds of men we have trained are making big money. Joe Miller earned \$14,768 his first year. A. J. Allen earned over \$2,000 in ten weeks. Robert Meier says "I'm now earning \$7.50 to \$15.00 an hour in my own business... Universal's course is wonderful."

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Write today for complete information. Costs are less than you'd imagine. And even on these low costs you need pay only a portion—less than half—in order to complete your training. We finance the rest for you. You may pay out of actual earnings. And you can keep present job while learning. Send now for free book. No salesman will call. You are not committed in any way.

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Don Bolander, M.A., University of Chicago; B.S., Northwestern University; Director of Career Institute; authority on adult education.

Shamed by your English?

You can soon speak and write like a college graduate if you let me help you for 15 minutes a day.

LET'S BE FRANK

If you've ever been shamed by a mistake in English, maybe I can save you from years of disappointment.

You see, none of us will ever go any farther than our ability to speak and write will let us go.

I have met countless numbers of intelligent men and women who are being held back in their jobs and social lives—often without knowing it—because they couldn't express themselves fully and easily.

What About You?

Could you get ahead faster with a command of good English? Just ask yourself these questions:

Even with all your ability and ambition, how long has it been since you had a promotion?

Even with all you have to offer, when people get together at work or at parties, are you the one they listen to?

Be Honest with Yourself

If people are not impressed by the way you speak and write—and, if you're honest enough with yourself to admit it—you have already taken the first big step to success.

The Next Step Is Easy

You can master good English *without going back to school*. Over the years I have helped thousands of men and women to stop making embarrassing mistakes in English, increase their vocabularies, and become interesting conversationalists—*right in their own homes*.

Here's What to Do

I can help you, too, if you will give 15 minutes a day to the Career Institute Method of mastering good English. My answers to the following questions will show you how quickly and easily you can stop being ashamed of your English, and do something about getting ahead.

Question *What is so important about my ability to speak and write?*

Answer People judge you by the way you speak and write. Good English is absolutely necessary for making a good impression and getting ahead in business and social life. You can't express your ideas fully or reveal your true personality without a sure command of good English.

Question *What does a "command of good English" mean?*

Answer It means you can express yourself clearly and easily without fear of embarrassment or making mistakes. It means you can write well, carry on a good conversation—also read rapidly and remember what you read.

Question *Are there other advantages to be gained by acquiring a command of good English?*

Answer Yes! Words are actually "tools of thought." The more you learn about words and how to use them to form and express your ideas, the better your *thinking* becomes. For this reason a command of good English often pays off in unexpected ways.

Question *Wouldn't I have to go back to school for a command of good English?*

Answer No, not any more. You can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate right in your own home—in only a few minutes each day.

Question *Is this something new?*

Answer Career Institute of Chicago has been helping people for many years. The unique Career Institute Method quickly shows you how to stop making embarrassing mistakes, gain a colorful vocabulary, write clearly and well, and discover the "secrets" of interesting conversation.

Question *How do I know it works?*

Answer There are thousands of letters in my files, testimonials from people in all walks of life who have used the proved Career Institute Method to achieve amazing results. If you send in the coupon below, I will share some of these letters with you.

Question *How long will it take me to learn to speak and write like a college graduate, using your method?*

Answer In some cases people take only a few weeks to gain a command of good English. Others take longer. It is up to you to set your own pace. In as little time as 15 minutes a day, you will see quick results.

Question *How can I find out more about the Career Institute Method?*

Answer I will gladly mail you a free 32-page booklet which explains the new easy-to-follow Career Institute Method and tells how you can master good English quickly and enjoyably at home. Send coupon, card, or letter today to Career Institute, 555 E. LANGE ST. MUNDEL EIN, ILL., 60060 No salesman will call.

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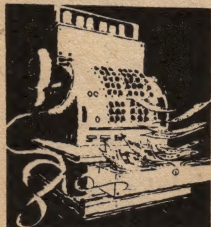
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MODERN MEDICINE FOR MEN

by R. M. Saunders, M. D.

MONONUCLEOSIS—THE "KISSING DISEASE"

ONE of the strangest medical discoveries to come out of the Second World War was the fact that there is a disease transmitted almost exclusively by passionate kissing. Its name is mononucleosis, and you run the risk of contracting it every time you engage in the pleasant pastime known variously as "deep," "wet," or "French" kissing.

The Army uncovered this fact through some intensive research after outbreaks of the disease had become widespread among troops. U.S. Army physicians, investigating seventy-three victims of the troublesome ailment, found that seventy-one of the patients admitted to indulging in "intimate kissing" four to six weeks before the development of disease symptoms.

Strange as it sounds, the evidence points overwhelmingly to deep kissing as the cause for this disease. Medical officers at West Point have also noticed that the ailment jumps prominently among cadets in February and August, about a month after their return from the freedom of their semi-annual vacations. Smith College, an all-girl establishment, reports that mononucleosis breaks out after the Christmas, spring, and summer recesses, when the girls go home to their boyfriends. And in co-ed schools, where the opportunity for such activity exists all year round, there are no such fluctuations in breakouts.

I FIND it true among cases I treat as well. Many patients suffering from mononucleosis have been startled to hear me ask them for a rundown on their recent love-life—and are even more startled when I tell them that their hot date of a month back probably gave them the disease! As Colonel Robert J. Hoagland reported, "Infectious mononucleosis is usually transmitted by intimate oral contact which permits a transfer of saliva."

The disease is a nuisance which can develop complications. It usually attacks only people in their teens and twenties, rarely anybody older than the age of thirty. It makes the victim feel listless, rundown, results in loss of appetite, sore throat, headaches, fever, swelling of the glands in the throat, and—most dangerous—often enlargement of the liver and the spleen.

About a week after exposure, the sufferer from mononucleosis will get a sore throat and swollen glands. Sometimes this attack is mild and is overlooked. A doctor treating a swollen-gland patient will usually take a blood check; the presence of white blood cells with a single nucleus (mononuclear) is a tip off that mononucleosis is present. Normal cells have many nuclei (polynuclear.)

A more accurate way of testing is an agglutination test, done by mixing the patient's blood serum in a weak solution with the blood cells of sheep. If the disease is active, the patient's blood will agglutinate, or form clumps in, the solution.

THERE are several great dangers involved in this "soul-kissing" disease. One is the fear of epidemic; an active Don Juan can pass the disease around rapidly if he's infected, and it spreads widely. The other danger is that complications will set in—complications such as pneumonia, hepatitis (a nasty liver disease), infections of the nervous system, rupture of the spleen, and—in some cases—death.

In a word, mononucleosis is trouble. But it's a kind of trouble that seems to have only one cause, and the cause is deep kissing. A sisterly peck on the lips won't give it to you—only a really torrid embrace.

The factor causing mononucleosis is not yet known, although the disease itself has been familiar to medicine since 1889, when it was first classified under the name of glandular fever. It is believed to be an ultramicroscopic virus, utterly invisible even under a microscope. But this is an unsolved problem of medical science.

As for curing mononucleosis, the usual prescription is rest—three weeks flat on your back in the hospital, followed by several months of taking things easy. None of the miraculous new wonder drugs have shown much effect in curing the disease, although ACTH shows promise along that line. The sulfa drugs and penicillin are used to combat the ever-present danger of secondary complications.

It is, all in all, not a pleasant disease. It will leave you feeling run-

(Continued on page 40)

CAR FURNISHED

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**NO SELLING OF
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**ONLY AVERAGE
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Here are just a few reports of recent earnings: Bob Durant jumped his salary to \$7500 as soon as he started. Bill Peck made \$943.00 in just 5 days, checking hurricane damage! Bob Pritchard reports companies in his area offering men \$8,000 a year to start, plus car and expenses! (Many men are earning \$8 an hour on the side in their spare time.) No wonder Art Victoria writes, "I recommend Liberty School (Home Study Course) for anyone seeking a better life." We send you actual names and locations of successful Liberty School Graduates from all over the country.

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There are few greater opportunities to do this today than those open to you in the field of Accident Investigating. You can even start with your own home as your headquarters. You have no office rent to pay—almost no overhead. Your chief expense is the investment of a few dollars for stationery, business cards and office record sheets. You can even start in your spare time—keeping your regular job until the day arrives when your spare time income is more than the amount of your present pay.

Keep Your Old Job, Work Part Time at New Job Until Ready to Switch

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There are many valuable fringe benefits offered Accident Investigators, such as retirement pension plans and family medical and surgical care that are practically unheard of in many other kinds of businesses.

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Let us prove how easily you can quickly switch into this exciting new career that provides prestige, security, a bright future! Sending for FREE Brochure does not obligate you in any way. No salesman will call. Mail postcard or coupon below today to Dept. 84 Liberty School, 1139 W. Park, Libertyville, Ill. Liberty School of Small Claim Investigating is Approved by the State Approval Agcy for Veterans Benefits.

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Your Steps
to Success as an
ACCIDENT
INVESTIGATOR

The Screaming Killers Who Are Preparing World War III

by PETER KHATCHINSKOV

**Violence and terror
are the constant
companions of those
who live along the
borders of Russia
and China as the two
nations struggle for
supremacy in the
Communist world!**

I jumped up, aimed my pistol and shouted, "Halt!" But instead of obeying he leapt for the water. I fired once and missed cleanly as he dove into the river. I ran to follow after him.



PROBABLY THERE'S not one among a hundred thousand of you who have ever heard of the town of Pokrovka. That's not surprising. Few people anywhere have heard of it. Yet if World War III is about to start, it's far more likely to break out in Pokrovka or one of its neighboring towns than anywhere else on earth—including Viet Nam.

Pokrovka is a small town, closer to a village, along the Amur River, that huge waterway that runs for 2700 miles from the Pacific Bay known as the Sea of Okhotsk deep into the heart of Central Asia. For more than 1800 miles of its length, it forms the border between China and Russia!

It has never been an area of peace and understanding. As far back as memory goes, the opposing nations have faced each other across the quiet river waters, watching and waiting for something to happen. But if watchfulness and suspicion were there before, it was like sunshine and happiness compared to today.

This story properly begins on the night of the 18th of August, 1966, when the stillness of the summer evening was suddenly shattered by a most horrible scream. The sound continued for about thirty or forty seconds before cutting off abruptly.

A military patrol reached the source of the sound within

less than five minutes. All they found was a corpse, a woman's body lying on the street. She had obviously died in pain as there were some eleven stab wounds in her body. But the cause of death was something else again. Her throat had been slashed, literally from ear to ear.

The military turned the problem over to the local police. It seemed to be obviously a civilian type crime, a nasty bit of murder, probably sexually motivated, but still nothing to involve the army. The police investigated and found nothing. There were no clues; no trace of the killer. The girl was employed by the military, but that wasn't unusual. In Pokrovka, everyone has some military connection.

But if this were the first murder, it was certainly not the last. During the succeeding five weeks four other women met the same sickening end. From all appearances, a full-scale crime wave was in progress. A team of investigators from the Provincial Capital in Chita came to the village to head the investigation. They checked out every single male in town, not at all impossible in a small village. It didn't help at all. Every man could account for his movements; every man either had an alibi, or for some other reason could not have committed the crimes. And the military patrol was willing to testify that no one from an outlying (Continued on page 16)





To keep river traffic moving—and to prevent easy crossings, the Russians blow up ice on the waterway.

area had entered the town after the evening curfew, strictly enforced along the border.

It wasn't until September 29th, at the time of the sixth murder, that the first hint came to official notice. The victim, a girl of 19, had evidently fought hard for her life. She had apparently torn at the clothing of her attacker. Her body covered a small shred of tell-tale cloth. This was rushed to Chita for laboratory examination. The following day the startling news came back. The cloth was of Chinese manufacture, yet the lab was willing to swear that the yarn had been woven not more than thirty days before!

Considering that the border was closed and there had been no traffic or trade conducted for more than six months between the two countries, this brought up an impossible situation. Unbelievable as it seemed, science announced that someone had been crossing back and forth across the Amur, right under the noses of our border guards.

It was at that point that I entered the picture. As an investigator in the Military Police attached to the Skovorodino garrison, I was sent to Pokrova with instructions not only to find out the why and the who of the murder, but even more important, to discover how it was done. I make no secret of the fact that treason was suspected. At that time, it didn't seem likely that anyone could cross the Amur without help.

Naturally, I went over all the reports that had been drawn up on the six killings. And I checked the dossiers on each of the victims. It was essential that I find some connection

between the victims. The following facts stood out. All were women. All were fairly young; the oldest being a mere 23. All worked nights. All were employed in the transportation section of the military garrison. All had been cleared on the highest authority for work in such a sensitive part of the world. And there was one other fact. Although each had been viciously attacked, none had called for help, none had run from their attacker, in fact the last wail of a dying soul in the throes of a final agony was the only sound that had been made in any case. Considering the size of the town and the care with which it was being patrolled under such a crime wave, any kind of noise or resistance could easily have saved the lives of some of the girls.

That there was no outcry or attempt at escape seemed to indicate that the girls knew their attacker and trusted him.

But every male had been checked out. That included each and every man whom any of the girls could have met. Unless...

The first brainwave hit me then... unless it was another girl!

CHECKING ON the activities of the women of Pokrovka didn't turn out nearly as simple as I would have expected. Very few could explain their whereabouts. For while it was true that most were probably correct in saying that they kept themselves alone, behind locked doors at night, due to the activities of the killer, it also left a good portion of the town's women without the slightest trace of an alibi.

Feeling that I was at a dead end, for lack of anything else to do, I started to explore the river bank. Obviously someone had crossed. I couldn't believe that anyone had slipped by the patrols near the town itself, so I decided to investigate outside of town, for several miles in each direction.

It took me more than a week before I found the first tenuous lead. At a point some three miles south of the village, the river narrowed from about eight hundred yards in width to something less than two hundred. And along the spit of land that curved gently out into the water, I saw the faintest trace of what might be described as a trail. People just can't walk along a grassy area without bending and trampling down the greenery. And when those footsteps are repeated several times in a growing season, the grass fails to snap back to quite the same level as surrounding areas, leaving a distinct marking for a careful tracker.

I decided to camp in the vicinity so that I could watch the area, day and night. I was certain that sooner or later, the killer, or her Chinese accomplice would reappear there. To cover my departure, I passed the word that I was going to Chita to consult the scientists at the Police Laboratory there.

Three nights, four nights passed with no incident. But shortly before dawn on the fifth night, I was startled by the faintest rustle in the water. It was so slick and smoothly done that in my half-hypnotized state I almost missed it completely. A young Chinese, he could hardly have been out of his teens, slipped out of the water.

He was almost nude, except for swim fins, a snorkel, and a small waterproof pouch slung around his waist.

Quietly, walking as if he were treading on air, he quickly moved into a small rocky area about fifty feet from the water. I could see him plainly as he rolled aside one of the rocks, reached inside and pulled out an inflatable rubber mattress and two small, cotton blankets. After getting the mattress ready, he lay down on it, carefully covered himself and apparently went to sleep.

I suppressed my instinct to walk up to him and place him under arrest. That wouldn't do me much good. I was well aware that a trained Chinese Spy would never reveal his contact. The traitor in our camp would go free. So I settled myself down and waited.

It struck me that today was a Sunday. The civilian employees of the town would be having their day off. No one would pay the slightest attention to some girl going off for a walk or a bicycle ride into the country. Why should they. It was too typical to comment on.

Two hours passed, then three. No one had come near the place. The sun was coming up, warming the area. I watched as the Chinese first stirred, then sat up, stretched and came to attention. He, like me, was anxiously watching the path to the north.

Another hour and a half went by and then, off in the distance, I could see the faint traces of dust that marked the approach of a small vehicle—probably a bicycle. A few minutes later I could make it out. The rider looked like a girl, but at a distance I couldn't be completely certain.

The minutes now seemed like hours. I burrowed down in the small depression in which I was hiding. I prayed that whoever was coming wouldn't see me. And I was lucky, she didn't. But then she wasn't expecting to be spied upon. She came straight up the path to a point only a few yards from where the Chinese boy was waiting, carefully parked her bike and then walked quickly to where he was now standing.

I saw her take some papers from the pocket of her skirt and hand them to him. Fury was rising in me at the thought of this obvious treason. And when I saw him hand her a small bundle from his waistpouch, I could practically feel the Judas money crinkling in her hands. But worse was to come.

For after putting the package carefully in her pocket, she fell into his arms and for the next thirty minutes, I watched as they made violent love.

A GAIN I avoided moving too quickly. I couldn't be certain the girl had no associates. I didn't

want to alarm her until I could find out who, if anyone, she contacted in Porovka. So I waited patiently until she had left before moving in. I had lots of time. The Chinese spy quite evidently was going to wait until dark to make his return swim.

That's where he surprised me. No sooner was the girl out of sight when he moved swiftly down toward the bank. I jumped up, aimed my pistol at him and shouted "Halt!" But instead of obeying, he leapt for the water. I fired once—and missed cleanly as he dove into the river. I did the only thing I could. I ran to the river's edge and jumped in. I could see him moving rapidly under the water.

Luckily I could move a bit faster on the surface than he could underneath, while his snorkel marked his position plainly. In about twenty strokes I came up to him, wrenched the snorkel away and dived for him.

He was a combination of an eel and a shark as he turned swiftly at me. I was hampered by my uniform. I tried grabbing for him, but he turned swiftly and slammed a judo chop at my neck. Even with the water to break its force, I felt the world exploding into a wild burst of fire. I gagged and swallowed water.

I HAD no time to recover. His other arm came up, grasped my hair and in one swift motion my head was forced under water. I hadn't even time to draw a breath. I kicked out, more by instinct than thought. I felt my knee come in contact with flesh. He didn't actually grunt—he couldn't, but his grasp relaxed a little and I was able to bring my head up for a breath of air.

As I sucked it into my lungs, I caught a flash of metal. The spy had drawn a knife and was stabbing at me. The water slowed him just that fraction of a second to permit me to throw myself to one side, but even so the blade went through my uniform. But even that short period was enough to clear my head. I could think again.

I grabbed for his arm and twisted. But instead of fighting or resisting my hold, he swam right up alongside of me, opened his mouth and bit. I could feel his teeth sink into the base of my neck. Only my collar kept him from cutting right through to the artery. I screamed out with pain and slammed my hand into the bridge of his nose and now it was his turn to gasp. His teeth let go.

I followed right up. Putting my hands around his neck I squeezed as hard as I could. He flailed at the water. Then his legs came around my waist, squeezing me in a scissors. Together we started to sink

below the surface.

My lungs were bursting for air, but I couldn't let go. I knew, somehow, that if I ever did, my last chance would go along with it. I fought against nausea and the waves of purple blackness. But I held on. Then suddenly, the leg hold on my waist let up. His body went limp. I kicked hard, forcing myself to the top again. Air. Life. It was wonderful. And still my hands would not let go of his neck. I must have held on for ten full minutes.

I towed him back to the bank and pulled him up. He was quite dead. I rested for a few moments. I had to. Then, when I had recovered my strength, I searched him. He had quite a collection of documents in his pouch; the entire comings and goings of the entire garrison, the details of the command activities for an entire week were there. And there were other facts that can't be revealed.

Naturally, I immediately contacted the military command. And while they were claiming his body, I returned to town to see what his female accomplice was doing.

We watched her for three days and nights before we finally moved in and arrested her. Quite obviously, she had no others working with her. She didn't need them. As a clerk, in charge of the files of the Transport Section she could take or copy any information she needed without interference or explanation.

When we searched her room we discovered a hoard of over 100,000 rubles, as well as numerous trinkets and articles of clothing that had come from China. Apparently these were her pay for selling out her country to the Chinese.

Under expert questioning, she eventually broke down and admitted her acts and also explained the reasons for the murders. The girls who died were, in one way or another, all connected with Army Command files. In each case they had discovered that there were missing items. Afraid that an investigation would lead to her spying, she had cold-bloodedly first befriended them, then murdered them. In one case she had been actually carrying some stolen documents when she ran across one victim. The girl had asked to use her pocket mirror, but when she opened her purse a document had fallen out. When the girl bent to politely pick it up for her, the only thanks she got was a knife thrust in the chest.

The spy is dead now. She was executed by firing squad in late November. But she died for nothing. It's a paradox but the rubles she received in payment were counterfeit.

China! Untrustworthy, inhuman by any standard! Even in treason! ●

Campgrounds Where Vice

With women outnumbering men by an average of five to one, the average adult camp is usually a place where any fellow can make hay without the bother of raising a finger!



by GENE CHANNING

"MAN, you gotta bail me out—you gotta!" Happy C— pleaded with the fellow on the other end of the Catskills telephone. "Man, it's curtainsville for me—seventy-eight dames and only twenty-five guys including the basketball team!"

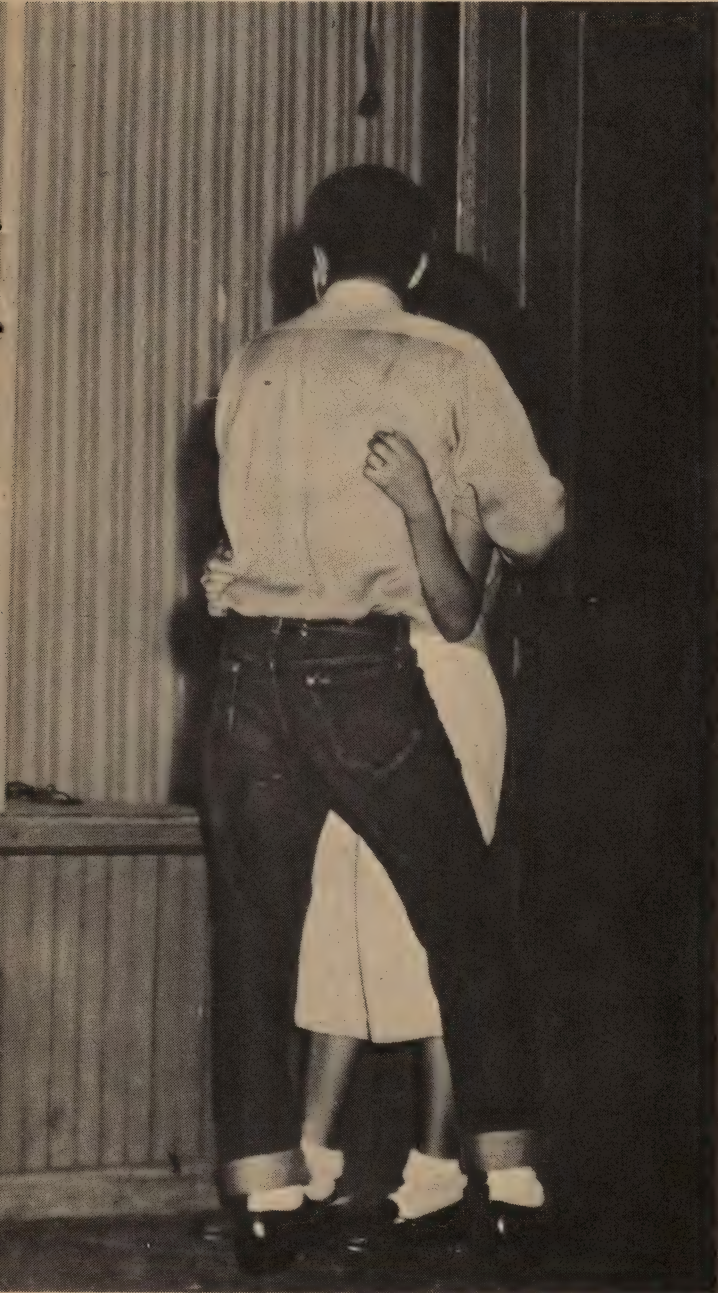
As it must to all social directors with a drastic imbalance of adult campers, stark havoc came to Happy Herbie C— of Camp G— one hot night last sum-

mer. Every gal in the adult camp was threatening to shove off on the first morning bus to New York—unless friend Herbie came up with some acquiescent men fast.

After all, the gals contended (and rightfully), they put out their good money for a good time. Instead of pleasure, they were practically tearing each other apart for the favors of the handful of campers and staffers on tap. It wasn't playing the game decently and they wanted their money back pronto. Happy Herbie C— considered the advantages of suicide, but as a last

and Passion Run Rampant

In the camping areas, privacy is not required. Any spot that's convenient is used for romance, even the open street in front of a tightly closed storefront.



resort, put in a call to Happy Hank K—, his opposite number next door at Camp W—.

"Drop dead, you louse!" K— growled. "When I had eighty broads on my hands last Summer, you told me to go fry an egg. Well, now *you* fry one—"

SUCH are the trials and tribulations of a social director—the ubiquitous, ever-smiling character at the nation's 10,000 adult summer camps. Faced with crises almost daily, the Happy Herbie C—'s either come through or they just don't survive the summer

as Camp Whatchamacallit's number one mahatma and all 'round buffoon.

In the next three months, an estimated 350,000 men and women will pay for their pleasure and passion in these wilderness retreats. The price varies from \$10 to \$25 a night on an average, but at costlier, plushier camps the nut is frequently as high as \$350 a week! With some justification therefore, the adult camper has a right to demand a good time and the social director, whose business it is to have plenty of gals and/or guys on tap, had better well meet the demand or face the unpalatable prospect of unemployment.

Conversely, if the mahatma or top banana knows his business and can cope with the hazards as they occur, his place in the sun is assured. If you saw "Having a Wonderful Time," the classic on adult summer camps, you've got a thumbnail sketch of *some* of the things that can happen when men and women over eighteen get together for some strictly good clean community fun.

HAZEL B—, a thirty-seven-year-old secretary and *not* too easy on the eyes, summed up one prevalent attitude of the female camper who looks at life realistically. "Romance will never happen to me. Let's face it, there are plenty of beautiful young things flitting around—they get the romance. All I want is some male companionship. Three weeks at Camp H— gives me enough to last a season. . ."

And that it does, gentle reader. That it does. The social director at that Rocky Mountains haven for passionate playthings sees to it personally (there being nobody else around for the job) that big-spender Hazel gets her camping as she likes it, the way she wants it.

"Got two elderly parents to support. Got another year before I finish med school. I let *nothing* prevent me from being a roaring success in camp. They can all be bags, but I've got responsibilities and that's all there is to it," explained the blunt-talking gent who runs around with Hazel B—.

Generally speaking, though, a well-run camp for adults knows how to avoid imbalancing the sexes. New York's Catskill hideaways—perhaps the most expert in the field—select their staffs on the basis of (A) presentability (B) youth, (C) sex appeal and (D) malleability—the knack of adapting to changing conditions. Most of the staffs are college guys, med school guys and basketball stars. In fact, they rather lean to basketball stars who, in addition to other duties (waiting on tables and waiting on customers, in general) play on a camp team against other camp teams.

WHAT about camps where there are more *men* than women? *There are none, pal.* It's a statistically accepted fact that the women outnumber the men (divorcees, widows and simply unmarried) *five-to-one* at summer camps, so the problem then becomes a lot simpler to figure out. As long, that is, as the staff is strong-backed and sufficient in number.

"They get wild in all that fresh air," confided a graduate of the Borscht Circuit staffs who now owns his own lash-up in the pines. "There's something happens to their hormones. In the city, most of 'em would not dare carry on like they do, but once they pay their tuition and start roaming around, they don't care who knows how many men they're interested in—*just as long as they feel they're getting their money's worth.*"

Sometimes, not even

(Continued on page 56)



With flames shooting up inside the stone exterior, firemen play their hoses on the holocaust. By this time, anyone trapped inside the building, would have been cooked.

SAVE US - WE'RE BURNING TO DEATH



Firemen work desperately to rescue a man who was caught inside. He is practically collapsed from smoke poisoning.

The building was going up in a wild flash of flame. There was no hope of reaching the exits. All we could do was to climb out on the window ledge, and pray that the walls would not get too hot before the firemen could reach us!

by JOHN ORR

SOMEBODY broke a window with a chair. The stampede was on. There was more smoke outside than inside. A jagged race of flame tongued along the narrow ledge below, sweeping upward from the second to the fourth floors. It was a surging roar, sheeting sparks and rolling clouds of choking black smoke.

The fire roasted several women clinging to the third-floor ledge as they poised, terrified, staring into the desolate Broadway canyon and praying for the distantly wailing fire engines to arrive. You're supposed to see your life passing in front of your eyes when you're dying—I saw nothing.

The fire was roasting twenty-four men and women a few yards away from me. The screams and stench of burning flesh—my own bleeding cuts and burns—these things brought deepening panic. The smoke blinded me so that I gagged, sobbing my guts out as I kept clinging to the narrow ledge, too terrified to look into the street.

"Don't hog the ledge, you bastard!" a girl screamed behind me, shoving hard against my back. I grabbed the sill with one hand, the scorching brick wall with the other, pleading with her. As she struck me again, I could feel something hot and

(Continued on page 42)

**Don't be afraid. Lovely
Jan Davidson is just going
to give you a sample of
top drawer stripping act!**

WHAT'S COMING OFF?







WHAT'S COMING OFF?

Jan has been a star of the nightclub and theater circuit for a good 3 years now. Her 35-24-36 figure is a well known sight from coast to coast!





Girls relax during hours when there are few customers. But from ten o'clock till dawn, the joints are always jumping.

A LEGAL SEX SHOW SOUTH OF THE BORDER

by WILLIAM CARLSON

They're easy to get to, simple to find. As a result, thousands of Americans, women as well as men, drop in to watch the excitement in spots all along the Rio Grande!

MAYBE YOU'VE SEEN them in Japan, Korea or the dives of Saigon; perhaps it was Paris, Rome or Rotterdam; if not, drop in any night in one of the Mexican border towns. Wherever you go, whatever your mood, however you may have felt before—or since, the odds are strong that the old basic urge will get you where you live, when the whispered come-on hits you in the ear, "How about it, Buddy? Like to see a real, live sex show?"

Be honest now, who doesn't. Sure you've heard stories, and seen pictures. Chances are better than two to one you've seen a couple or three lively motion pictures on the art of sex as portrayed in every detail on the silver screen. But live! That's different. There's nothing make believe about it. They're people—real people.

You can see them, hear them, feel them (and you probably will) if you've a mind to. It's the kind of vision millions of fellows (and girls too if we want to be honest) have dreamt about. Or, if you're the other kind, it's the irresistible lure of peeking in on a vision of Hell. Whatever the reason, they come, by twos and threes and fours—crowds of them. Day or night, the show rooms are never, never empty.

All right then, what is it that you come to see? Let's leave out the wild, exotic games and plays. You find them, sure—but they're a tiny minority. For when all is said and done, the show that 99% of you watch, after you've paid your money and taken your seat is the same the whole world over. Two dames, together. Fifteen ways or twenty-five. And you're right up close, where you can't miss

a thing—or a single square inch of of female flesh. That's what you pay for; that's what you get.

I happen to live in the southwest. The Mexican border's only a couple hours drive. I've been to several of the towns; the big ones and the smaller ones. So if I talk about the shows of that area, it's only because I happen to know them better. But I've gone to others, in Rome for example—and once in Istanbul. There isn't a damn bit of difference. It's exactly the same and I do mean exactly. After all, with all the imagination in the universe, there's only so much that any one person can do with another.

Well, maybe there is a difference. In the border towns it's all in the open. There's no sneaking around dark alleys; no hiding in sleazy rooms; no watching *(Continued on page 28)*

Once the arrangements are made, the girls start right in stripping. This girl will be the passive member of the duo.



out of the corner of your eye for the local law. Want to find a show? Ask any bartender, any cop, any storekeeper—or better yet a cab driver. They're the best friend you've got below the border, the cab drivers. There's nothing, I repeat nothing they can't get you or show you—for a price.

Want to take your wife or girl friend? Believe it or not that's perfectly OK along the border. There'll be no snickers, no sneers, no laughs. You're paying, brother, so you call the tune. It's completely matter of fact. The show's the same. The price is the same. Men, women—or both—in the audience makes absolutely no difference at all. And with your cab driver as a chaperone, so long as you pay your bills and don't start a fight, you're as safe as in your own backyard. Safer probably. The towns are a long way from the rest of Mexico, separated by hundreds of miles of the fiercest desert in the world. Tourists are their bread and butter. Woe to any local who gives the tourist trade a bad name.

One thing, though. You don't usually pick your palace of pleasure. The cabbies get a payoff from the houses so your driver is going to take you to his particular haven. It doesn't much matter. The show's the same and so is the service.

You're probably going to be surprised when you arrive at the "establishment." It's big; it's clean; it's well-built and it's among the most modern mansions in that part of the world. The courtyard—every villa has one—is paved, unlike the muddy streets of the town itself. Depending on the hour, it may be crowded with other cabs or not. In the morning, you're likely to be the only customer. In the afternoon, you'll have some stateside companionship. In the early evening, it's empty again, but as the hours wear

on, the joint really begins to jump.

If you're alone, afternoon or early evening is to be recommended. You'll get better service all around. If you're with a crowd, drop in around midnight or after. It's the liveliest place in town. If you're with your girl, make it late morning or afternoon. Not that it isn't safe in the evening, but some of the "clients" get high and you may not appreciate some lit up joker propositioning your own personal possession.

When you come in, your driver will go up to the manager and introduce you. If you don't catch the name, don't worry. It's not important. Whether the manager is a man or a woman is immaterial. The customer is always right and they're there to serve you. You'll probably be led into the bar and seated at a table. From that point on, you've only to speak up.

The longest anybody has ever sat alone in one of these houses is forty-five seconds—and that's the absolute world record. Whether it's fellows, girls or mixed company, the "hostesses" of the establishment will be seated by your side long before the bar waiter has managed to clear the corner of his bar.

ORDER A DRINK. Why not. The hostesses will almost certainly order too. You can't stop them. And you're going to have to pay for the round. Make up your mind to that. So you sip your drink—and believe me they're full sizes drinks and good ones—look over the merchandise and announce you want to see a show.

The girls all nod. They know what you're there for. So they politely ask you if there are any particular girls you'd like to see in action?

Suggestion. As one of the actresses, it's a good idea to select a girl with a good mastery of English. They all speak some English mind you—it's their business to—but the vocabu-

laries of many are restricted to the basic language of sex. If you want a good descriptive spiel during the show, make certain you get someone capable of delivering it. It adds to the occasion.

For the second girl, pick someone whose build appeals to you. Don't be bashful about it. Say what you have on your mind. The girls won't blush. No girl keeps her modesty for more than an hour in a house like that. If you want to check, go ahead. A small amount of examining the merchandise is perfectly acceptable.

Don't rush. No one is ever in a hurry in manana land. Finish your drink. You paid for it. And if you want another, order one. When you're fully comfortable, ready, and at ease, rise like a gentleman, indicate to your chosen companions you'd like to proceed and move out.

A door from the bar leads to the bedrooms beyond. As you leave the main hall, the "actresses" will leave you, but have no fear, you won't be alone. A maid will show you to one of the rooms, hold the door, dust off the chairs, turn down the bed, and take your order for further drinks, if you desire them. She'll expect a tip, of course. She will also charge you for the room. There's no way around that. It's the same in every playhouse along the border.

As soon as the room has been paid for, the selected girls will be ushered into the room. But hold on! No show, not quite yet. There's the slight factor of a cash settlement. And prices vary. At last visit, they ran from a fee of ten bucks per person in the audience at the typical, more or less luxurious house, down to five at the smaller "family type" establishments to a low of two if you can bargain with a pair of overage individualists. For the casual tourist, stick to the well-beaten track. The ten bucks a man show, at a legitimate outlet is safer all around.

Now as to the room itself. Again, these vary according to the location. They range from comfortable to luxurious. There is always a raised bed, the stage, on a small dais, and sufficient number of chairs to accommodate those who are present. The chairs are soft, padded, comfortable and roomy. The floors are carpeted; the light is good and there are usually a few mirrors on the wall.

Most tourists begin watching from the chairs, but remember, you're always free to wander about during the show, getting up as close to the action as you care to. In fact, the actresses encourage this. They also encourage suggestions and remarks throughout the performance. If you're backward, they'll encourage you in every way, even by asking you questions. They're just trying to

The border towns hide buildings in which a tourist can find anything he desires.





It's after the financial arrangements have been completed that the girls perform.

be friendly and helpful for believe it or not, the girls definitely want you to feel that you're getting your money's worth.

Once they feel that you're comfortably set, there's no time wasted. The girls strip promptly and immediately get down to action. You're welcome to any visual examination that you wish. Speak up. Nothing you wish to see will be hidden.

The performance is earthy and specific. The accompanying spiel is earthy and composed largely of basic, four-letter English. But when they promise you fifteen or twenty variations that's exactly what you're going to get. Some may be closely related to what went before, but there is always some difference. Naturally, the greater number of acts offered, the more such minor changes will be used. For all practical purposes there are only about six real possibilities—all the others stem from these.

By the way, the show is exactly the same whether it's for a small male audience, a large male group, a mixed group of fellows and girls, or an all girl audience. So is the spiel. Anyone, male or female who attends ought to understand that.

The action lasts, between twenty and thirty minutes, depending on your reactions. The more enthusiastically you support them, the better the show they will put on. It's all a very human trait.

The girls are going to tease you all

they can, by posture and by touch. That's another point. If YOU want to touch, go right ahead. The girls don't mind. In fact they enjoy it. And you can count on the fact that if you come within reach, you're going to be grabbed where it counts. Again, that goes for both fellows and girls in the audience.

IN MOST PLACES, you are definitely NOT permitted to join in, unless you've made the arrangements in advance. After all, this is a business establishment. They are counting on raising you to a pitch where you'll want some personal activity later on. That's going to mean another room fee, another maid's tip and another payment to your partner or partners. However, if you say so in advance and arrange for the payment, it's perfectly acceptable. Normally, they'll charge an individual ten dollars extra for his own participation. The same fee goes for a woman. For a male-female couple to take part, there's usually a bargain rate of fifteen. But make sure ahead of time what it is. And remember too, that often they'll cut their prices considerably for such a couple, realizing that in most cases the pair will ordinarily not have need of their special services later on, being perfectly capable of giving each other such satisfaction as may be needed or desired.

At any rate, join in or not, the

show now draws to a close. Believe me, you've seen everything. If you haven't, you've closed your eyes. The finish is normally some wild spectacular stunt. Some of these tricks are quite good, but unfortunately you'd have to see them for yourself to believe them. No matter how many girls you may have known, it's doubtful if you'd accept the contortions that these girls can get into, or the things they're capable of doing with their bodies.

Presuming that you're the average male, you're probably now in an extreme state of stimulation. The girls know it, just as well as you do. But that's not their affair. The establishment tries to share the wealth. So, you are firmly, but politely escorted back to the bar.

At this point you'll probably find anywhere from six to two dozen dames of all shapes and sizes crowding around you. They too know you've just seen a live show and they are quite aware of the state you're in. This is the big pitch, the evening's kill, so to speak. They want your business and they're not too bashful to say so.

SO, IF YOU'VE a mind to, pick your girl. You've only got to nod in her direction to get the message across. The others will fade out, fast. If you don't, the girls will probably take turns in pitching themselves at you. How you want to behave, it's all up to you. Of course if you don't want action, that's your right too. Nobody's going to rape you, rob you or force you into something you don't want.

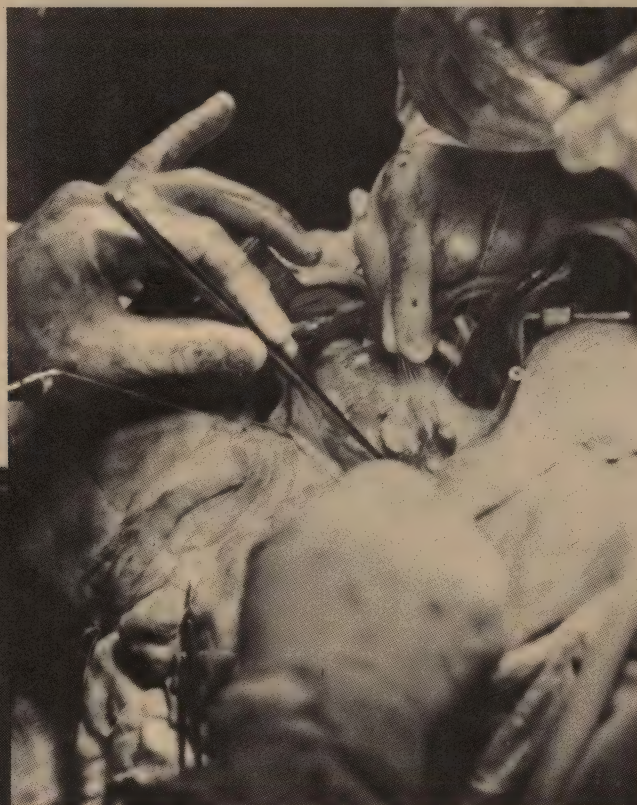
Whatever activity you do want, help yourself. The rates are standard. Make your needs known, pay up and you'll be promptly obliged. One, two or three girls? You got the cash, they've got the time. Even if your tastes are odd or offbeat, they can be taken care of. And if you have a girl with you—or even if she comes alone—she can be satisfied. There's invariably a house stud kept just for that purpose. They're very broad-minded along the border.

When you're finally finished, what you do is up to you. The bar is still well stocked and drunk or sober, they'll serve you as long as you can pay—and as long as you stay well-behaved.

Or perhaps you'd like to explore other parts of the town. Get back in your taxi. Give the man a fin.

Your cab driver is still your key to success. Enjoy yourself, any way that you please. It's as close to legal in these towns as anything underhanded can be. So see it all while you have the chance. For tomorrow, you'll wake up safe and sound, back in your own United States. From that point on, all you can do is remember.

It's not just air pollution, but one element found in it that is the principal cause of death. That element: Cadmium!



The outpourings from metal roasting and smelting plants is the biggest source of free Cadmium. Above—A heart operation in an attempt to cure an affected muscle.

SO YOU PLAN to go on living! It's a good ambition. Lots of folks have it. But between having an ambition and fulfilling it, there's a long, long road. How many of you who are reading these words are going to be alive and kicking next year is a wide open question. But cheer up. You may be one of the lucky ones. For actually, it all depends on where you happen to live.

For example, the American Medical Association is quite firm about predicting that if you happen to reside in Las Vegas, Nev.; Eugene, Ore.; Chattanooga, Tenn., or twenty five other similar cities and towns, the odds on your keeping going today, tomorrow and

for years to come are pretty darn good. The fact is that these are the safest possible places in the entire nation. So congratulations. We'll be seeing you around.

But on the other hand, let's also not forget to extend our condolences. The residents of Chicago, Philadelphia, Newark, N.J., Indianapolis and New York City, we want to offer you our sympathy right now, while you're still around to read it. For the United States Public Health Service has been forced to admit that your chances are pretty poor indeed.

But don't just believe us. Take a look at your daily paper— *(Continued on page 40)*

ARE YOU PLANNING A HEART ATTACK?



by PELEAS R. F. DEIGNBAUGH

The One-Man War Of Lt. Cushing

He took a one man job that was almost certain death. All that he had to do was to penetrate the confederate fortress and crash their navy!

by RICHARD WEAVER

HE crawled out of the river and lay panting in the reeds, staring at the silhouetted bulk that was Fort Fisher. The moon hung like a silver shroud over the deep swale, and a gentle breeze from the southwest rattled the cattails but also dried his gaunt, muscular body so that he felt no chill even though it was February, in the third year of the Civil War, 1864.

Then, after a while, he moved stealthily through the swale to the southern end of the fort. The snout of a Parrot gun protruded through a port twenty feet above him. Uncolling a length of manila, he fashioned a noose and slowly swung the rope about his head. On the second attempt, the noose hooked the gun. He slowly pulled it taut and tested his weight on the rope. The cannon didn't tilt. He climbed up, a knife firmly clamped between his jaws.

The Confederate soldier walked the catwalk with measured step, passing him as he crouched in the gunport once every minute by his count. There were, in all, six sentries doing guard duty along the hexagonal shaped ramparts commanding Cape Fear River. A door creaked open and a shaft of yellow lantern light sprayed over the narrow catwalk. For the first time he saw the face of the young Rebel who patrolled before him, within striking distance, and he felt strangely pleased within himself to have spared a life. He saw the long bayonets, the cannonballs, and the stacked rifles, at the six corners of the rooftop.

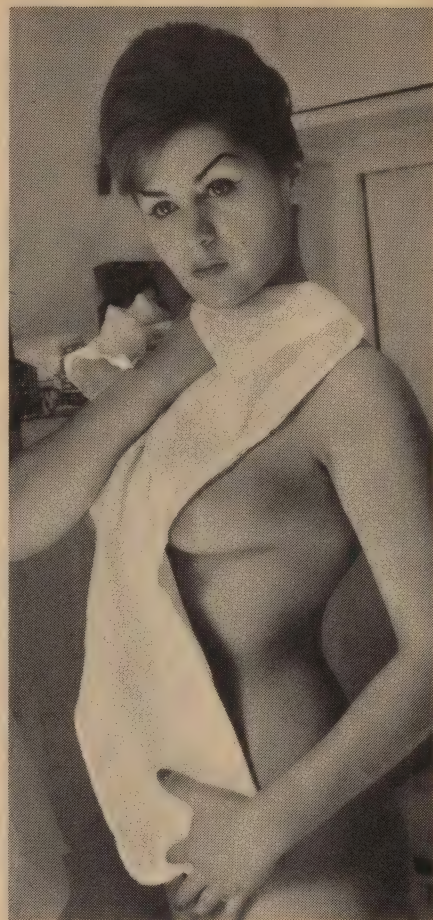
In time, his eyes became accustomed to other pin-points of light. He tried hard to remember the map. The yellow light led to the stockade and a first-aid room. To the left, another door led to the bunkrooms (there were five) and a large hall where, in peacetime, the commanding general

(Continued on page 62)



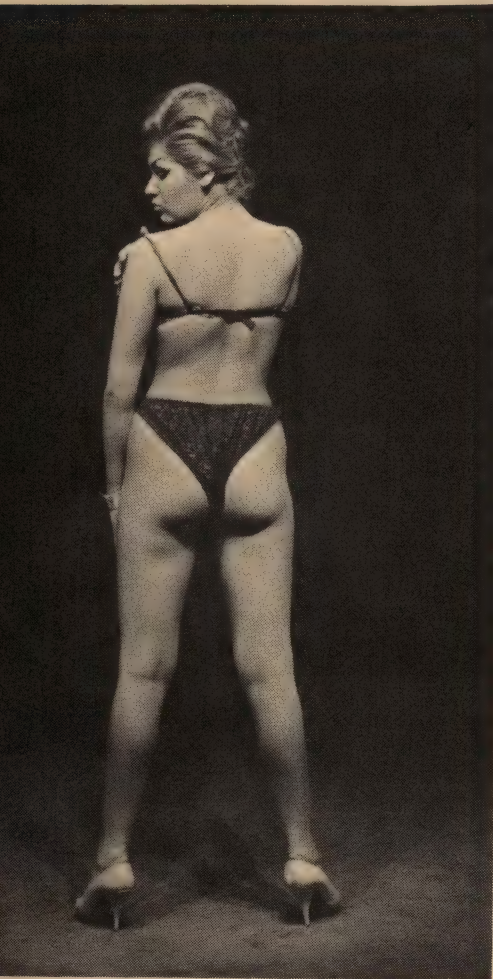
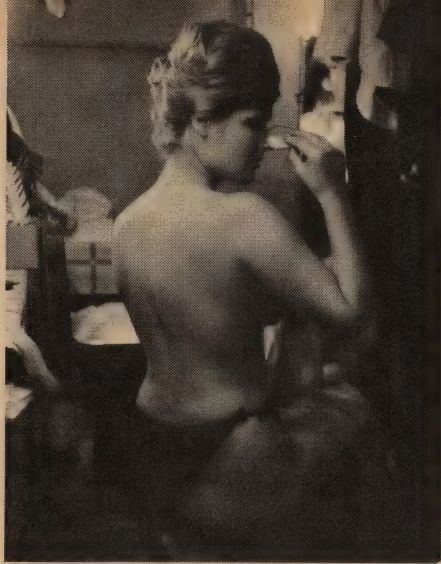


The small boat headed straight for the side of the rebel dreadnaught, its bomb suspended from the boom ready to explode at the instant of contact.



**Lily Westcott obviously loves
toy Tigers. But then, if rumor
speaks true, then toy tigers
seem to love Lily just as well!**

TIGER LILY



I FACED THE NEEDLES OF DEATH

by EARL HENRY

**Don't let anybody kid you
that a moose is only an
overgrown, frightened deer.**

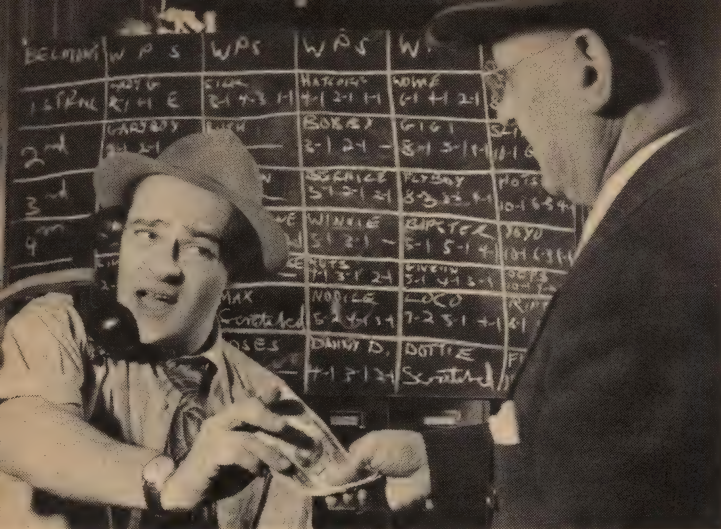
**When it gets mad, it can
be murderous. How do I
know? It happened to me!**

EARL! Watch out—behind you!” my woman screamed. Over my shoulder I got a blurred look at a tremendous head with a rack of antlers wide as a car bumper. The moose let out one explosive *whoof!* and I felt the gore blasting the back of my head. Desperately I clawed the tree trunk, swinging up into the first, then almost to the second limb. His first rush smashed me against the trunk, tore the gun from my grip and brought roaring sparks shooting across the inside of my eyeballs.

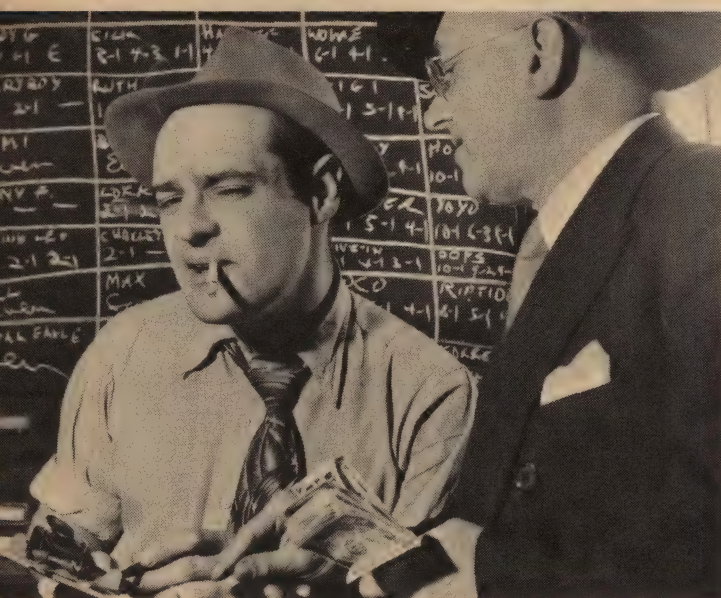
Hooking both legs around the trunk and bracing my bottom against the second limb, I had a bird's eye look at death. He backed off drunkenly, blowing the brassy challenge of the Alaskan Gabriel, his back legs supporting him like swaying steel rods. His eyes were red, glazed marbles the size of a man's thumb. Blood was pouring from both nostrils, and his long, flagging tongue kept licking at it. And he'd groan, feeling the insistence of death but refusing to yield to it without first trying to butt me out of the tree. Babette's (Continued on page 46)

I was just vaguely conscious of my girl staring up at me in horror. Maybe she screamed. I wouldn't know. For the terrible pain shot through me, blurring my senses.





In the race game, the mark (sucker) is allowed to win small bets. This is strictly a planned come-on.



The mark has now been convinced that he has the game beaten. He is ready to put up his entire roll.

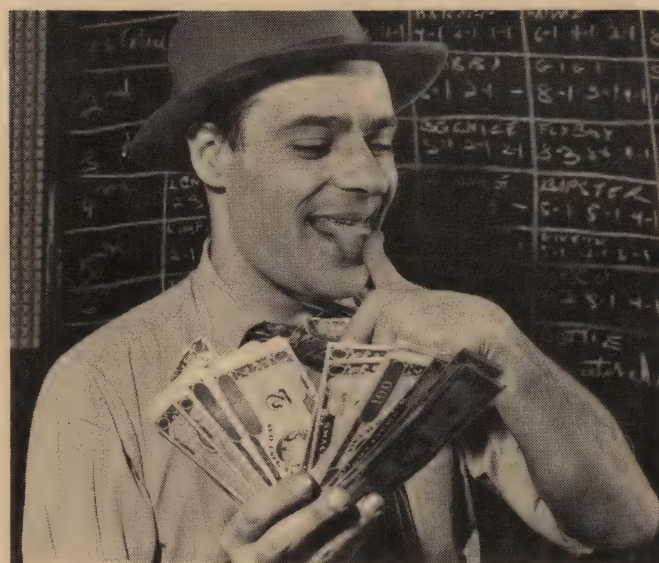


The bookie is listening to the results of the race. At this point it looks as if mark is going to win.

EVERYONE'S FOR A



But the final result is something else. The mark loses. Bookie counts money as roper (right) scowls.



The sucker has not only lost \$10,000 to happy bookie but is convinced that loss was his fault.

A SUCKER CON MAN

by A. HELLMAN

WHEN YOU TALK ABOUT the modern con man and his annual take from the American public, you have to consider two figures: \$6,000,000, and then, about nine times that amount. The first figure represents the approximate loss to the con man that is reported to local, state and federal law enforcement agencies each year. The second figure—approximately \$54,000,000—is the official estimate of the amount actually swindled out of Americans during the same period. It's a fantastic sum—but a conservative one. Lawmen the country over privately estimate the loss at about \$75,000,000—but this is off the record. There are manifold reasons why so small a percentage is reported each year and later I'll let you in on a few of the more important ones.

In one form or another the con game

These are old tricks of the trade, but there are ten new suckers to take the place of the guy who finally wises up.

has been flourishing in this country for over a century. In the old days the take from the sucker was small. But today the stakes are enormous, sometimes running into one and two hundred thousand dollars on a single swindle. Fifty thousand is considered average—ten thousand is small.

Now maybe you say to yourself, "I don't have to worry. I don't have \$10,000." Well, maybe you don't. But many people can find ways to borrow when they are faced with a proposition that looks like a good thing. And if you can't borrow it, there are still many of the small games that are tailor-made for men—and women—in the lower income brackets.

How do I know? Well—it's a tough thing to admit but I'm one of the people con men dream about—the prize mark. I haven't been stung just once—but twice. And by almost the same grift. Only the trappings were different. And if a confession on my part will help someone else avoid the pitfalls of a costly and heartbreaking experience, then I'm going to own up to my stupidity, gullibility and momentary false sense of legality.

• • •

I got my first trimming in 1924 at a little con game called three-card monte. Twenty years later, when I thought the whole world knew about this one, I walked into a barracks in Scott Field, Illinois, during World War II. On an old locker a staff sergeant was laying out three cards—three aces. It was the same game—the same crooked deal—down to the last gimmick. And the boys were falling for it.

This is how I got taken twenty years before:

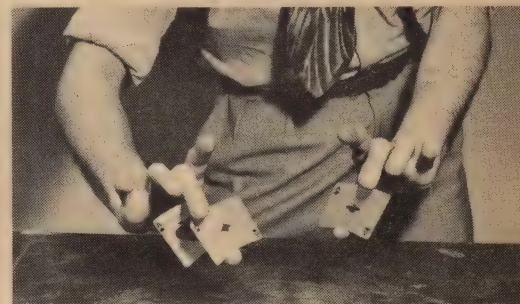
It was late summer and I had landed

(Continued on page 49)

Think you can win?
A lot of other
guys thought so
too! But their
empty pockets at-
test to the
con man's skill.



In three card monte diamond ace wins.



During the shuffle, dealer switches ace.



The club ace is now the marked come-on.

The sucker of course picks club, loses.



MODERN MEDICINE

(Continued from page 12)

down and depressed for as much as five or six months, provided no worse symptoms develop. At best, it will trouble you for several months. And, of course, it may lead to dangerous ailments with much longer-lasting effects. To prevent complications of the liver, mononucleosis sufferers are fed high-protein, low-carbohydrate diets. That, and rest, and no kissing, are the remedies!

THERE is little doubt that the deep kiss is virtually the only way the disease can be transmitted. In open hospital wards it rarely goes from one patient to another, and in some highly embarrassing cases a man has been known to contract the disease and yet not transmit it to his wife—a situation that speaks volumes for the state of that marriage!

Now that medical science is aware of how this pesky disease is transmitted, it will be able to uncover more of its mysteries.

But I urge you to bear in mind that every time your tongue explores your fair partner's mouth, you stand a chance of acquiring the virus that causes mononucleosis. If you *must* be a gay Romeo, watch out! At any sign of swollen throat glands, redness of the throat, and a general "blaaaah" feeling about life, get yourself to your local doctor without delay. He'll be able to help you, if he diagnoses the early stages of mononucleosis.

It's a disease that most normal men will always be subject to contracting, until such time as kissing is outlawed. "No kiss, no catch" is the only sure cure. Most young men of my acquaintance reply, when I tell them that, that they'll take their chances—the remedy is a lot more painful than the disease.

Maybe they're right, and I wish them luck—but an attack of mononucleosis can put them out of circulation longer than they think. And kissing isn't allowed when you're in the hospital as a patient. ●

HEART ATTACK

(Continued from page 31)

any one will do. Turn to the obituary columns. Don't just stare at the names, but read. Pay especial attention to the causes of death. What do you find out. Heart attacks—count the number of those. There ARE a lot, aren't there. Funny that you never noticed it before.

The peculiar thing is that it isn't just an accident or a coincidence that so many deaths from heart ailments should occur in such a re-

stricted portion of the country. It isn't just an accident or a coincidence that so many others are hospitalized, sidelined or made permanent invalids from heart attacks there.

No, it isn't hard work or hard play. It isn't the pressure of business or finance; or the executive problem or the working man's problem.

It's the air you breathe. That's right, the air—or should we say it's what's in the air that makes the difference.

Everybody knows about pollution of the atmosphere. It's a statement to yawn about. We've been warned so often, by so many people; scientists, doctors—even politicians—that we've become bored by the steady outpouring of words. For what can we do about it, we ask? Pollution comes from industry. We need the industry to keep the nation healthy, economically as well as internationally. Industry means jobs. And those jobs are what give us the money to enjoy our American way of life.

Besides, it can't be industry—or even air pollution. Chattanooga has industry, hasn't it? And yet it's supposed to be safe.

Well, only to a degree. They still get sick in Las Vegas, Chattanooga and Eugene. There's plenty of respiratory trouble. There are plenty of pollutants all over America to knock any man right off his feet. Climb to the top of the Rockies and you'll still be breathing in the feral fumes of Denver. Head out into Death Valley, and the gentle westerlies will waft you some of the poisoned perfume of L.A. There isn't a spot from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from Canada to Mexico that's entirely free. Alaska? Maybe—if you get far enough north. Hawaii—possibly, if you keep well away from eastern or the western shore.

But some places have a lot more poison in the air than others. And a few have one particular little element in the air that appears to be the culprit of culprits, where life and death are concerned.

Cadmium! That's the villain's name. Cadmium, a small, rather unfamiliar element in the chemist's vocabulary. You probably heard about it in school. Or if you're an art lover, you'll be familiar with it as a prime ingredient of all those lovely colors you see in the oil paintings of the masters—cadmium red, cadmium yellow, cadmium orange, cadmium green. They're pretty to look at. But you don't have to breathe an oil painting. The element is perfectly safe when it's firmly down on canvas, held in chemical bondage by the very pigments that make the colors so beautiful.

It's only when it's free that it's

dangerous. And it's deadliest of all when it gets up into the atmosphere so that we can breathe it into our lungs, drink it into our kidneys, eat it into our intestines, livers and pancreases.

THE PRINCIPAL way it gets into the atmosphere is from the processes of metal smelting and metal roasting. Thus it's no accident that in those areas where such type of processing goes on that the death rate is highest. According to the report by Dr. Robert E. Carroll of the Air Pollution Division of the U.S. Public Health Service, there is a "marked correlation" between the amount of free cadmium in the air over cities and the death rates from heart disease and hypertension.

Other research groups and organizations have discovered the same thing—though none have presented figures on as wide a scale as the U.S. agency. And, as an additional factor, a sort of reverse kind of confirmation has appeared.

Example—One group of research scientists have worked for long years in an attempt to induce heart disease into rats. In many cases they succeeded. When, after such successes, they cut open those rats—they found their kidneys loaded with—cadmium.

Example—Hospitals operating on patients with high degree of hypertension, or with definite heart ailment symptoms have found them to be loaded with—cadmium.

Example—Autopsies performed on patients who have died of heart attacks have showed large concentrations of—cadmium, especially in the kidney area.

What do these facts prove? Actually nothing. There never can be such a thing as scientific PROOF through reverse findings. But the statistical data these experiments provided, when added to the report that has been currently issued, are startling indications that this finding is based on more than mere guesswork. In fact, it makes the report read even grimmer than before.

The problem is that there doesn't seem to be anything that can be done about it. For it isn't as if we can recognize a puff of cadmium in the air and hold our breaths until it wafts by. You don't smell it. You don't see it. You can't feel it. The air may be clean or it may be smoky. Or more than likely it's just that light, thin, high haze that seems to be installed over most of our big cities.

But along with the soot and sulphur; along with the dust and the fumes, this extra added attraction makes its way to your lungs, and from there to your bloodstream, and is then carried off to each and every cell of your body, including your heart. Sure, the waste disposal or-

gans of your body do the best they can to get rid of poisons. But somehow they can't seem to cope with the cadmium. It piles up, depositing in the spaces between the cells of your kidneys and stays there. And if, after you're dead, they give you an autopsy, that's where they'll still find it.

Don't feel jealous of the doctors who are performing that autopsy, either. They live and work in the same area that you do. They breathe the same air. Their bodies, their kidneys, their hearts are just as loaded with death as yours. And in a little while, one of them may very well be lying on the very same operating table in the autopsy room to have his dead organs examined.

All right then, if those are the facts, how can we correct them? Nobody wants to die. And there isn't any government in the world that wants to condemn a large portion of its population to death.

Now we can't stop all ore refining in the United States. Nor can we stop all the smelting plants or roasting plants. That would be as idiotic as continuing the way we are going. If we did, we'd probably be condemning just as many people to death—probably more, in the long run.

It's not a matter of war, or international competition, either. Just consider the civilization of every nation in the world. It's built on metal. Every machine in the nation—in the world—is made of metal. More than half the total square footage of building covered space is constructed with metal. Reinforced concrete, or steel beams are essential to the building industry.

Then there's transportation! You name it—automobile? Railroad trains? Airplanes? Roller Skates? All metal. Even the concrete in our highways is reinforced with steel.

There's farming! Plows, harvesters, even the old fashioned rakes and hoes are made of metal.

In short, we're living on a steady diet of metal, all kinds of it. And every ounce of it must come from ores that are refined, smelted, roasted. Even to shut them down would require a telephone call—on copper wire. The shutoff switch itself would be of a conducting metal.

AND SUPPOSE we did abandon all this, what would we have? A world that was back in the middle ages. There wouldn't be enough food grown to feed the vast bulk of the people; there wouldn't be any way to distribute it, if there were.

We've got ourselves involved in a dilemma in which we die by heart attack if we continue, die by starvation, if we stop. It's a fine choice.

The ultimate solution, of course, lies in scientific research. For now

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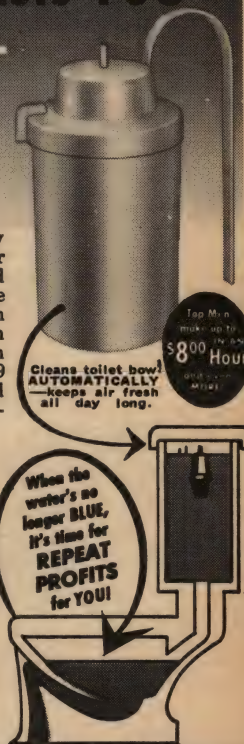
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that we know the villain, we can get to work finding means of keeping that cadmium out of the air. Processing tools must be found that will take up the cadmium, right at the source, where it is being used, long before it ever reaches our atmosphere. In theory, as any chemist knows, this is far from impossible. But it may take quite a while before this theory can be translated into practical reality.

For the problem of cadmium is only one of a whole host of pollution problems. And it must be solved along with those others.

It wouldn't make sense to survive heart ailments and then fall victim to tuberculosis or lung cancer. And by the way, there are many many OTHER causes of lung cancer besides the obvious one of nicotine and tar. One research organization has pinpointed some twenty different air pollutants that seem to have a great statistical relationship to lung cancer. Among these are not only automotive exhaust fumes, but the very asphalt in our modern city streets.

Only a few years ago, our newspapers were full of stories about industrial fumes that dissolved the nylon in ladies stockings, literally melted the nylon clothing off their backs while they walked. It sounded funny then, but nothing was done and think what it's been doing to our bodies.

We look at our streams and see the dead fish floating on the waters, by the thousands. Yet we drink that water—partially purified (I emphasize the word PARTIALLY). What has that been doing to our bodies?

We sniff the surf and smell the stink. Ask the folks in Denver or New Haven what they think of their aroma and stand back or you'll be spattered with a plethora of four-letter words. Those stinks are poisons. We curse, but we breathe them just the same, every day of our lives.

We feel our eyes smarting, they're running a rainfall of tears as we stroll down the street. That's acid, right there in the air. Our lungs

can't cry, but they're being burned right along with our eyes. It's a delightful thing to think about.

No, pollution is definitely a national problem of the first importance. And it's something that we have to begin facing up to right now.

Statistically, it can be said with absolute certainty, that every city dweller is having his life shortened by a MINIMUM of ten years. If you live in an industrial town, your life is being shortened by sixteen and two-tenths years. If you live in the suburbs of a city, you're better off. You'll only die eight and four-fifths years before your time. Only the farmers, those living to the lee side of industrial centers, and separated by at least two hundred and fifty miles from a major source of air pollution can hope to lead anything like a normally full life. And that's provided that they don't eat their own, chemically treated crops!

True, we could all take up hunting and fishing, North of the Arctic Circle in Alaska, joining the Eskimos in their wanderings across the Tundra. If we didn't freeze, starve, or go crazy from the sheer emptiness and boredom, we might be pretty healthy. But aside from that, there isn't too much that we can look forward to.

One suggestion, though. If you do decide to move, head to the areas west of the big industrial centers. Our prevailing winds come from the west, so you won't have poisons blowing toward you twenty-four hours a day.

And what profession lives the longest? Well, about a dozen or so years ago a check on that subject was actually made. The result? Oriental scholars. Professors at our Universities specializing in Indian, Persian, Afghan, and Malayan culture averaged a comfortable eighty-nine years of life.

So head for the hills boys. And when you get there, take down that old Sanscrit grammar. You may not understand one word that's printed on the page. But take comfort in the fact that just by staring at it, you'll probably live forever. ●

BURNING TO DEATH

(Continued from page 21)

wet draining down my neck. I moved. I caught a glimpse of her face for a second, her eyes bugged out, the little knife in her clenched fist. "Dios" she shrieked. "Make the bastard move! Help, help—fire!"

She was wearing a full-flared bolero skirt; it billowed up around her thighs and turned her to a living torch as a tongue of flame mushroomed through the window. I

couldn't reach her. She held out the knife hand, pleading, insane with terror, but I missed. Another woman dove head first through that window, knocking the girl off with her. Their elongated, piercing screams were blunted by the maze of sirens on Broadway and Houston Street, and the smoke and flames shooting out of the windows below did the rest.

I KEPT crawling, praying, squeezing up against the building front, trying to keep ahead of the smoke—but I couldn't. At one window, the interior of the Monarch Underwear

Corp. looked like a gaint incinerator. Men and women—burning and already charred lumps of flesh—were queued up at an exit in a big knot of arms and legs.

Something hurtled down from the floor above and in the distant street below, people screamed. I saw a fleck of cloth bounce off the sidewalk like a broken doll, and then the fire rushed around the corner of the building and I couldn't see any more. Nor could I think. The building suddenly seemed to be rocking from another explosion, but by then I was too overcome from smoke, fear and livid burns to really tell.

A cloud of thick white smoke billowed up as the firehoses hit the inferno. I stretched out fully, face down, hugging the ledge wall. The fire wasn't two minutes old but I figured myself for dead. I touched my hand to my back and drew it around and saw the blood; then another woman jumped out of a window above me and I heard her squash in the street, and it made me faint. I was praying; I lost my place just about the time I tried to stand up.

Suddenly a window blew out to my left. The concussion knocked me down. I felt both legs swing into air and I screamed, clawing the sill for dear life. Somewhere below me people were jumping into a net; others were clinging to sills screaming at the hook-and-ladder men racing up to save them. They were about thirty feet shy of my ledge when the fire boiled out of the window and I let go, flailing air, spread-eagled, falling into the street...

DEATH DAY—March 19, 1958 —was a big day in my life on a few counts. One of 'em was finding a job. Another was splurging on a pair of new shoes. Another was making a date with a cute little Latin chick at the next table down from me.

I mooched along down Broadway as broke and melancholy as a guy could be. The brunette walked ahead of me—not slow, but not fast, either.

It was a gray, overcast day. Cold and miserable. I had a hole in my right shoe. The sole of my right foot was practically educated to New York streets. If the brunette noticed my condition, she didn't make a crack about it. She let me catch up with her and smiled the warmest, friendliest smile I'd ever known in New York. She was about twenty, trim, well built and nice. It had been so long since a girl looked twice at me, I didn't know quite what to say. I said the first thing that came to mind.

"You work around here?"

"Too much and for too little," she smiled wistfully. "See the crowd?"

Down the grimy catacombs of lower Broadway I saw not one but several crowds. They were waiting out-

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side the manufacturing section, a dismal lot of ancient buildings that somebody forgot to pull down around the turn of the century. They weren't much of an improvement over the flea bags I lived in from time to time.

BEING broke and out of a job was a new sensation for me. The only thing I knew was oil tankers, but I'd wanted to learn a land trade so I'd quit the merchants, figuring I could take it—provided I didn't die of pounding the pavements first. That fateful decision was made at a lousy time. I couldn't get enrolled in a trade school because all the schools were full up and I couldn't get a job for want of experience.

I lived in a flea bag on West 4th Street, strictly cold water flat. I owed three months back rent, had my things in hock, and was lower than a snake's belly when I crawled out of the sack that morning, determined to get a job doing *anything* or else make a fast move back to sea. Meeting Carmen was a stroke of luck, I thought, then, walking beside her.

"The shop won't open for a few minutes," the brunette said, pulling me out of the freezing air into a doorway. "Let's stay here and talk *por favor*—"

For a moment she fooled me with the talk routine. Then I was too choked up to say anything. She open-

ed a paper bag and pulled out two chicken sandwiches.

"Take one." She insisted. She ate the first half of one and shoved the other half in my face. "If you don't eat, you won't have the strength to dance with me," she laughed. "I have a small place uptown and some good records. After work, you come home with me?"

IDIDN'T figure her at all. She was carrying the sympathy thing too far to suit me, and I told her so, but she merely laughed and squeezed my arm and said it wasn't every day that a good-looking *Americano* tried to pick her up. I couldn't believe that, either. She gave me a promising squeeze and I walked her down the street to where she worked.

I was waiting at the back of the big room to see the foreman about a job. There was a hell of a lot more to making underwear than I'd imagined. The room was filled with girls and women, a few men, and the foreman.

On the floor below, the third, in the quarters of the S.G.S. Textile Printing Co., three people were treating a bolt of fabric in an oven. That's how it started. A man opened the firebox of the oven and there was an explosion. A jet of flames shot out, igniting the cloth in his hands, then leaped to the tables nearby—that did it.

The force of the blast rocked the building. It slammed against the bottoms of my feet like a whole slew of depth charges exploding at once. Then there was panic—the most God-awful, hideous panic I'd ever seen. Suddenly somebody yelled, "Fire!"

JUST that one word, "Fire!" It was screamed in Yiddish, Spanish, Italian—it all meant the same thing: clobber the next poor slob and get yourself killed trying to escape. That was all there was to it, except that in the frenzy, smoke pouring up through the floor, a terrified horde of women tipped over the table behind me. Both the table and the women hit me simultaneously, and I spun sideways, knocked six ways from the ace of spades. I came up mad as hell, but the milling, screaming, battering horde was queued up at the door, and the room was aflame behind me. Carmen vanished—where, I couldn't tell. Everything was covered with smoke and long tongues of flame were beginning to seep through the floor. I kept backing away, trying desperately not to get caught up in the panic.

"Get the hell out of here—go anywhere—but get the hell away from this mob, Orr!"

"Everybody! Back to your tables!" the voice of the foreman rose above the din. For a second there seemed to be a dispersement of the crowd of hysterical women. Then a second blast finished any hope of a calm escape. For myself, the only real fear I knew was that of getting caught in another crush. Once, years before, I'd seen the results of a panic—the Coconut Grove fire in Boston. I was a kid then, but the memory lingered hideously.

I COULD see myself burned to a char—it wasn't hard, especially with the floor crackling beneath my feet and tons of thick, chocolate brown smoke pocked with flame, filling the room. The pandemonium was heightened as a woman, her dress ablaze, her hair spouting blue flame, ran screeching down the window aisle trying to swat herself.

"Stop!" I screamed. "Don't run, you'll spread it!"

She was a young woman, about thirty; her features were distorted with fear-crazed agony. I pulled off my jacket and threw it around her, pulling her to the floor. With my hands I kept patting her hair, but it came away in great, singed lumps. She was writhing on the floor, shrieking for God Almighty to put her out of her misery. He did. She suddenly went limp, coughed up a clot of blood and died.

Time went by—a lot of precious time. The Monarch Company became a charnal house long before the



"Happy birthday to you. . . Happy Rosie, dear birthday. . .
Happy Koseday to youuu!"

fire engines started for us. Somebody broke a window with a chair then. I crawled out ahead of the stampede; crawling and hugging the wall facing, I watched impotently as three women hurtled from the fourth floor to the street. One of them, in panic, ran a knife across my back, but I was so numb with fright after twenty minutes of clinging to the ledge that I felt no pain there.

The rest of me howled, though. Smoke ravaged my lungs, eyes, brain; my hands were cut raw and burned through the outer layers of skin. My back and head were cut with flying glass as explosion after explosion knocked out the fourth floor windows. When the fire engines arrived, it was like watching yourself being lowered into a hole in the ground.

S UDDENLY my strength ebbed. The roar of the flames blunted the tiny screams flirting with the men on the ladder below. In the street men were spreading nets but the men and women on the next floor kept jumping and missing. I vomited green bile that sizzled under my chin from the heat of the ledge. Nearby, a tongue of orange flame shot fifty feet out into space, enveloping a blackened figure plummeting down. The last thing I heard was a fireman shouting, "Don't jump! We'll reach you in a second!"

I didn't jump. Another blast knocked me off the ledge. For a long second I clung there, scrambling to get up again—then I was slipping and gone. My feet flailed air and a roaring whoosh of the inferno swallowed my outcry.

I had a moment in which I saw the street, saw the bodies lying in the gutter, and the fire engines and the cops and ambulances. The whole thing came into focus for a fraction of that eternal second.

Pull your legs up double, Orr! Try to sit! A whirl of crazed, terror-filled thoughts jammed through my brain. I suddenly hit something, but what it was I couldn't tell because everything went into a roaring black void. When I came to, a day later, I had clean sheets under me. Bellevue Hospital. I was one of the luckier casualties, God only knows why. A few fractured ribs, a few skin grafts to be made, and a headful of hair to be grown and I'd be whole again. The knife wound didn't amount to a hill of beans.

Twenty-four died. They died needlessly, because of panic the papers said, and you can believe it. But the miracle of the day, the *real* miracle was that three of the women who leaped into the street without safety nets, survived. I came out minus a girl they never identified, and a burned pair of shoes. I was lucky. One man had shoes but no feet. ●

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NEEDLES OF DEATH

(Continued from page 37)

shot tore away half his shoulder. The other half was plenty enough to kill with . . .

IT was June 30, 1957. The trip was ten days old. It was my first cruise down the river with Babette. I didn't recognize the "B. Jergens, Beverly Hills" who sent me a chunk of deposit money and stated she'd be on the Seattle flight such-and-such a day. But I took the loot and ran to the outfitter, paid a lot of bills and had a short drunk on the first gold from California that had passed my grubby fingers in a year.

So the day my client flew in I was standing there, minus the red carpet, zoot suit and limousine. Transportation was a '51 Jeep. Fifty people got off that ship, at least half of them with gun cases and the other half women. When the crowd thinned, there was still a small group waiting around, I thought, for Petey's taxis.

A well-built girl in dark glasses, flat heels and unspectacular Persian lamb grinned at me. *Too bad I gotta work*, I thought. She was built for speed and comfort. She walked right up and held out her hand. I took it anyway, but said:

"It's a lovely custom, Miss. But I think you've got the wrong guy—"

"Earl Henry?"

"All of me is." I smiled at her.

She smiled. She held it a long second. Then the sweat broke out fast and cold on the back of my neck. I kept my voice down to a low, incredulous groan:

"You're B. Jergens?"

"The same." She took my arm and started walking toward the baggage room. "Here's the claim checks. The jeep outside?"

IMANAGED to say something and I heard *that* laugh. *The face*. I'd seen the face several times on the screen, yet it actually was talking to me! My reaction may have amused her, and maybe it did seem asinine, but at least it was honest and in a way frightening.

Babette Jergens, an up and coming starlet to that date, had many big game trips under her belt. Her score was phenomenally lousy. Jake Steves, a real sourdough guide, hunted her twice and got her a small brownie out of fifty given shots. Gene Sweeney, the last guy, put her onto a monster of a grizzly two seasons before, but she blew that one by stinging the bruin in his end quarters and making him so mad he swam out to the boat to clobber her. Sweeney, the way he told it,

kept the listener in stitches.

BABETTE JERGENS was beautiful. In my thirty-six years of bobbing around the living world, I'd met and messed with a modest share of beautiful women. Speaking in generalities, most femmes who come under the general heading are unbearably conceited and hard to live with. But Babette Jergens was no bloated Hollywood type with a celluloid foundation, and I found that out awful quick.

"Had I known it was you," I told her as we pulled away from the airport, "I'd have gotten you some kind of grand suite."

She laughed.

"When you're not on your boat, Earl, where do you live?"

"I built a contemporary rancho a couple of miles out of town—like to see it?"

THE jeep hit a rut and she bounced hard against me. I saw those deep black eyes as the glasses slipped forward. Close up, her face was prettier. She studied me right back.

"What about your wife, Earl?"

"No got one. Just alimony. Don't pay it—"

"You live up here *alone*? You're a double for Alan Ladd, man—didn't anybody ever tell you?"

"Years ago somebody did before I got jowley."

"I got lucky, too—" I shot her a look. "If that sonuvagun in the shipyard didn't finish my tub the day before you wired, I might've wired you not to come—"

"Call me Babette. The Jergens is my mother's name. Swedish." She was silent for a moment. "What's in a name, Earl? I've had four last names, I suppose you know the gummy details—"

"You hear all kinds of crap. Y'-know something, Babette! I've got better ways of amusing myself than to listen to the Winchells, homespun or otherwise—"

IN nine days I got to know Babette Jergens as well, probably, as any man. She began to bust out of her shell. She drove the boat and she insisted on cooking the meals. She took a few lessons in target shooting, something neither of her previous mentors had bothered with.

The salmon were thick in Elgin Strait, a small bay that worked around into deep, narrow sluices. It was a good place to anchor and wait for the grizzlies to come down and slap hell out of the swimming salmon. I gave her a lot of good targets within shooting range, but she liked the bears so much she didn't have the heart to kill them.

She was stretched out on the cock-

pit deck. There wasn't any sun, but it was warm and she felt like talking. I had the glasses on the beach. "Earlie, you going to stay out in these barrens all your life? You shouldn't, you know—"

"Why, Babette?"

"You could do lots of things."

"Like what?"

"Like keeping up a woman's morale." She hauled herself up on my knees. "Mine, frinstance, Earlie."

"Don't you believe it, baby. The glittering coach becomes a pumpkin when you get on that plane."

"That's bunk!" She took the glasses away from my face and pulled herself up further. I kissed her a long time, a couple of times. "That's junky bunk!"

"You're one thing here on this crumby Tub," I held her chin. "Back there you're something else. Besides, you're on your way to being a movie star and I'm not built for that kind of riding. I'm thirty-six, Babette. All I know is I've got a big heartburn like you've got right now, *this minute, this mood*—" I told her. "I also know that at thirty-six I'm not going to knock down any fences in your powder-puff land, or in anybody else's. You blow more on whiskey for a party than I make in a good year."

She just listened. I lit her cigarette.

"You want to hear more?"

"Yes."

"I like my smidgeon of self respect. I like being Mr. Me. I couldn't take being Mr. You, Babette, you follow?"

SHE bit her lower lip and I saw the hot flush in her cheeks. Instead of going on with it, I clammed up.

I put the glasses on a moose and saw more horns than I was willing to believe. Her first shot drew blood. She blew the follow-ups, and then, figuring the moose would stretch out and die somewhere if she potted him right, we got into the dory and rowed ashore.

Prints six inches deep in the glacial silt, and blood along with coarse black hair. There was a lot of moose track and evidence of her first blast, along the beach. Babette Jergens held my hand as we walked up and had a look at the splintered remains of a fairly substantial hemlock.

"He's got horns three yards across!" I pointed to the tine markings in the silt where he'd torn up the place. "You did a real job on that baby—"

"Stick close to me, Earlie!" She grabbed my jacket as I started to track him. "Earlie, please—"

"Sure." I kissed her lips. "You did real good, girl. I'm proud."

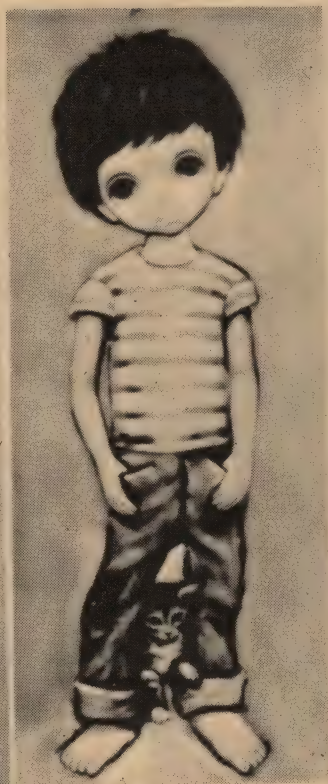
She brushed the hair out of her eyes. "Okay."

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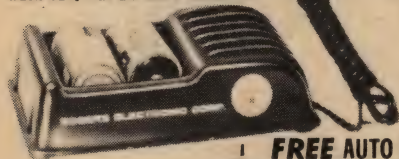
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THIRTY minutes later we started up the trail. I carried both guns—Babette's magnum and my own .348 Winchester. The trail was rough, and visibility marred by the mists rising off the sluice gave the granite and thistledown-covered bush trail and eerie feeling. The blood made tracking simple even if everything else was against us.

"Earlie," the brunette wheezed, "Just how the hell do you get a moose down a mountain when you bag one?"

"Cut his head off. That's all you want anyway."

She heaved a sigh of relief.

"I was worrying about it, Earlie. I wouldn't want you to get a rupture on my account—"

"That's damned considerate!" I laughed. "You're in great form today, Babette."

"That's because," she blinked at me, "I've got somebody to love. When I'm in love I worry about every little thing."

"Worry about the moose then—"

"W-Why?"

THE trail abruptly spilled out into a wide, grass covered plateau. It was thick, waist-high sedge. It extended irregularly for several miles until it backed onto the next mountain range.

"He should be dead by now. They don't travel far hit like you hit him, Babette." I pushed my finger around, indicating the swale close by. "Either he's there, stone dead, or he's lying back with murder on his mind."

She paled. I handed her the magnum. My pack I set on the trail.

"If he's alive, Babette, I'll start him out. Keep your eyes open, lady, and that gun up!"

"Yes, Earlie."

Time ran out on our small talk. I figured that bull was either dead or playing possum, and I had to find out fast. I wanted it for Jergens so bad that I could taste it. The deep kunai tore at my pants, whipping my face as I swung off the trail. The grass was chest high in spot, but irregularly higher and lower the rest of the way. I took it easy, gun up, my heart booming like a kettle drum in my throat, and a fresh spate of cold sweat running down the back of my shirt.

Fifty yards in, the ground began slowly to shelve up. I knew the place well. A lot of second growth stubble covered the debris of a big burn. There I spotted the blood. It was wet to the touch. A yard ahead there was hair sticking to a clot of blood and some pawed-up ground. I took it slow, parting the grass with one hand, the gun held short in the crotch of my arm. The trail swung wide left and for a second I thought I'd lost it. The next

hair was matted and the grass was bent with one hell of a pile of gore covering a yard or more of ground.

I TOOK another look and froze. Babette's bull was doubling back! Resisting the urge to yell out for fear that he'd double back again, I ducked down under the grass, listening hard for the soft, sibilant *wuush* ahead of me somewhere. I heard something. The ground was rocky in spots, silt covered elsewhere. Refracted sound can kill man and probably has in some places; but in the Chinitna glades a pro is supposed to know better. I stopped dead and got up off the ground, swiveling around to the only tree within a mile of the trail.

Then I wiped both hands on my pants to keep that piece from sliding around in sweat. I made the tree, counting ten between steps, a full thirty minutes of stony silence before I dared sling the rifle over my shoulder and reach up into the first limb.

I didn't hear the moose—I heard Babette Jergen's ear-splitting scream:

"Earlie! Watch out—behind you!"

OVER my shoulder I got a blurred look at a tremendous head with a rack of antlers wide as a car bumper. The moose let out one explosive *whoof!* and I felt the spray of gore blasting the back of my head. Desperately I clawed the tree trunk, swinging up into the first, then almost to the second limb. His first rush smashed me against the trunk, tore the gun from my grip and brought roaring sparks shooting across the inside of my eyeballs.

The moose backed off drunkenly, blowing the brassy challenge of the Alaskan Gabriel, his back legs supporting him like swaying steel rods. His eyes were glazed, red marbles. Blood was pouring from both nostrils, and his long, flagging tongue kept licking at it. Feeling the insistence of death, he refused to yield to it without first trying to butt me out of the tree.

All I needed was time. He was dead on his feet.

Babette triggered off two fast shots, both missing. The bull didn't turn.

She tried two more, just snapping them off as she ran. I saw her framed in a bald spot and yelled:

"Save those last two! Save'em. Get away—"

THE brunette came on, braked and set herself. The moose groaned, but he was already charging and all the bullet did was blow off a big chunk from his left antler. The right and his 1800 pounds was enough to do the job. The crash had the impact of two trains meeting head on. My head banged against

wood and I heard myself screaming as the sound of splintering timber detonated in the gray air. I couldn't hold on and didn't, and the shrill, brass blowing creature powdered the tree again just as I fell out of it. Frantically I tried pulling both legs up tight, pulling my hunting knife. Babette's bull was quicker with no eyes than I, falling grotesquely out of that pile of kindling. Point of bone lanced through my clothes as I crashed on his antlers, shrieking and feeling the hot boring thrust as it tore me apart and fused my own warm, wet blood with his.

The air sucked up under me as his head drooped and then catapulted backward, the jolt twisting me around my head but I couldn't move because the last terror was the worst and it froze into a howling oblivion. Dirt and flying hooves passed by but I heard no shots.

I was stretched out on the grass, my mouth full of vomit, dirt, coagulated blood, and Babette Jergens' flannel shirt. Sitting beside me, she was swabbing my mouth out. Giant tears ran rivulets down her face onto mine. Her lovely body was trembling convulsively, and when she saw I was looking at her, she cried more. My head hurt. My head and one side of me felt like a bomb had gone off inside my pants.

"I'm all right, Babette. I'm all right! Stop crying! I want to sit up—"

I COULDN'T make head or tail out of her. But the pack was beside me and I grabbed the handle. Smelling salts helped. I gave her a hypo that we carried around for shock patients. She calmed right down. I gave myself one, then swallowed a couple of demarol tablets to blunt the pain. Suddenly she looked at me and her pupils were no longer dilated.

"Earlie! Earlie!" She began to weep quietly.

"You killed him, didn't you, Babette? You got your moose—"

"He died of shock," she grinned weakly. "I never got those last two shots off. When I saw you flying out of that tree, I think I fainted."

"Some hunter!"

"I need protection, Earlie. Earlie, I love you—"

"What about your moose?" I continued: "I'd be like a fish out of water in California."

"So would I," she bawled, "without you."

"What about your moose, I asked you."

"You keep him to remember me by, you bastard!"

"Why call me that?"

"Why not?"

"I don't wanna be Mr. You—I wanna be Mr. Me!"

"Who's stopping you?" She blubbered worse than before. "Am I killing your identity?"

"Not yet. That'll come soon enough." I tried to smile.

She had good hearing. "I heard you the first time, didn't I?"

"You did—"

SHE stopped crying. She put my head in her lap and talked about lots of things. God only knows what, I can't remember them. Only one thing happened that I remember. We went over to her moose. His antlers were crushed and broken at the skull.

"Would've been nice," I looked at her, "to claim my old lady got the world's biggest moose."

"I'd just as soon forget the whole thing," Babette said, leading the way. "First thing, you'd work up some silly complex about that too."

"Maybe you're right."

"I am right!"

"What the hell will I do in California, Babette?"

She gave me that big, wide-eyed happy stare.

"Run a boat for all I care!" she snapped, grabbing my arm. "C'mon, we're wasting time. Earlie, let's go home—"

SUCKER FOR A CON MAN

(Continued from page 39)

a job as a picker in south Connecticut cranberry bog. I was only sixteen and after breaking my back over a cranberry scoop for two weeks, I



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was paid sixty-five dollars—a lot of money for a kid in those days.

I took the sixty-five dollars, but instead of heading home, I went to the State Fair in Derby. It was at a hotdog stand, just after I'd paid my bill and was pocketing my roll of money, when this fellow about five years my senior approached me and struck up a conversation. It was small talk at first and then he switched the topic to gambling. He began talking about a tent just over the fair ground lines where a smart gambler could pick up some real money. He had a system and was going to try it out. Would I like to go along and pick up some extra change? I fell for his line and we walked over to the tent.

There were several other older men inside, placing bets and standing around a card table, where a loudly dressed old duffer was manipulating three cards. My companion—he called himself Alf Borden—told me that this was the game of three-card monte, then went on to explain it. It was a simple enough game.

The dealer turns three cards face up—the aces of diamonds, clubs and spades. He then places them face down and rapidly shuffles them around the board. The player is supposed to pick the ace of diamonds. It looks easy and you get paid off at three to one. But here's the kicker—my new friend whispered in my ear, "I can fix it so you make a bundle."

I asked how he thought he was going to swing it and he said, "Watch me and see what I do."

Then Alf asked the dealer if he could examine the cards. The dealer, an affable old gent, bowed ceremoniously and handed the three cards to my companion who turned them over several times. I looked over his shoulder and noticed that he creased the corner of the ace of diamonds. He returned the cards to the dealer and then bet a dollar that he could pick the ace of diamonds.

The dealer, affecting almost myopic nearsightedness, nodded and shuffled the cards. Alf winked at me and immediately picked the ace of diamonds.

Then he gave me a jab in the ribs and said, "You try your luck."

I did, always watching the creased card. I managed to win two times in a row—three dollars each time for my one. I now had about sixty-six dollars, considering what I'd already spent before entering the tent. I bet again, this time \$5 and brought my sock up to eight-one dollars. And then I got greedy—too greedy. But it looked like a sure thing.

I laid the whole head of cabbage on the table—eighty-one dollars—and sweated as the dealer slowly picked up the cards. I looked at the roll of my money on the table and the dealer's matching \$243 along

side it. He shuffled, this time somewhat longer than the other three times. Then he laid them face down on the table. I looked hard at the cards—I'll never forget it—and there was the creased ace, sitting pretty as you please right in the middle. I laid my index finger on the back of the center card and the dealer smiled, turned the card on the left, face up. It was the ace of clubs, and I'd picked the wrong one. My card was the ace of diamonds. Eighty-one dollars out the window and into the dealer's pockets.

"Tough luck, kid," I heard Alf sigh. We walked together out of the tent. I was almost in tears.

"How did he do it? I don't know how he did it," I cried. "I picked the creased card, I know I did—and still it wasn't the ace of diamonds."

"Just the breaks of the game," Alf said consolingly.

"Breaks, nothing. I picked the right card, I know I did." And then it dawned on me. The dealer had switched cards on me! That was the only way he could have done it. He had substituted a new ace of diamonds for the old creased one, and then put a crease in the ace of clubs while I was watching the money on the table.

I told Alf what I figured had happened.

"I'm going to call a cop," I said.

He grabbed me by the shoulders. "Holy cow!" he exclaimed. "You don't want to do that! You'll get us both in trouble. What if you tell the cops that you and me tried to fix those cards? They'd say that we're as big a couple of crooks as that guy in there. You better lay off. We'll both end up in the cooler if you don't keep your mouth shut."

I was mad but not mad enough that I couldn't think straight. He was right I had cheated when I became a party to the swindle and tried to win money, knowing that he had creased the winning card, I hesitated.

While I paused a moment, my friend added, "And another thing. Even if the cops let you off, you don't want your friends to know that you were such a sucker that you let a guy like that take you? Do you? At least I know I wouldn't."

He looked at me as if he were as scared as I was.

No, I didn't want to spend the night in the cooler. And I didn't all my friends laughing at me and calling me "rube" when the news got around how a carnival sharpie had taken me for every cent I had. So I went home broke—back to my folks and told them that someone had picked my pocket at the fair. My old man raised hell but it was better than being a convict or the laughing stock of the whole town. And it wasn't until years later that I

had the whole operation explained to me.

First of all, my likeable young companion who had steered me to the con man's tent was really what they call in the trade—a roper. It was Alf's job to lure me into the place and set me up for the killing by telling me that he had fixed the game. He was in the pay of the inside man, the dealer. The dealer had pulled the switch when I made my large bet, just as I had thought. After I walked out, it was Alf's job to see that I didn't complain to the police. He did it in two ways. By pointing out that I was a party to a felony when I tried to cheat and secondly, when he warned me that I would be held up to ridicule if my friends ever found out about it.

These two elements of the con game are the reasons why only about one-ninth of the suckers report their loss. and this goes for all the big con games, too. In the big ones, the sucker sometimes doesn't even know that he's been swindled, but more often than not, those first two factors contribute most towards keeping him silent, though sheepish.

Let me show you how it happened to me in a big con game.

It was right after World War II. I was about 39 at the time and was in New Orleans on a vacation. I had managed to save about \$10,000 and had it salted away in a New York

bank.

I hit the city during the racing season and as part of the good time I had planned for myself, I made three visits to the track. Now, I've never had the pony bug. When I played the horses I loved it, but win or lose I never had that all-consuming urge to keep playing them. And that's the way it was during this vacation.

But one night in the hotel bar, I made the mistake of telling the bartender that I'd made a small killing on a couple of bets I'd placed that afternoon. The bartender listened attentively. And then I felt a tap on my shoulder and turned around. There was this little man dressed in a white linen suit that looked as though it was going to fall off him. I remember him as seeming rather pathetic so I gave him a friendly smile and asked him what he wanted.

"Well, sir," he began, "I couldn't help overhearing about your good fortune. I've been playing them the last few days, and I must say that my luck has been anything but good. Just wondering if you had a few tips."

He told me that his name was Jasper V. Dillon and that he was a paymaster at a local canning factory. I found out later that the name was a phoney, just as he was—just as his friends were.

But he was such a funny, harmless looking little guy, and I was feeling pretty cocky, and I guess I sort of poured it on. And Jasper sat there

at the bar, supposedly eating up my every word. The upshot of the whole conversation was that we'd go to the track together the next day and I'd give him a couple of good tips.

I thought I had talked myself into it. I'd never been able to dope horses any better than a three-year-old kid. But, the craziest of lucky streaks was with me and I actually won about fifty dollars for the little guy.

We repeated our good luck on another occasion about two days later. After that, Jasper and I got chummy. We drank and gabbed a lot together, and one person he kept bringing into our conversations was his cousin Gill Ballew.

And then one night, about a week before I was to go home, Jasper began talking about his cousin more openly. It seemed that Gill had been working for a telegraph company for some time and that through them he was going to make himself and Jasper a fast and heavy bit of change.

"Can't tell you what it is, pal," Jasper whispered. "Big secret, and just a little illegal. But there's real money to be made."

Real money! I didn't even hear the 'little illegal' part of his speech. I began to buy him some more drinks until I thought I'd gotten the poor dope plastered.

Then he started to talk; I couldn't have stopped him if I tried. It was so simple and so foolproof, he said. Since Gill was a repairman on tele-

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type machines, he had ways of fixing them so that race results from the various tracks all over the country could appear to be held up for a short period of time—maybe as long as ten minutes. Enough time for Gill to phone a confederate, say Jasper, in a phone booth near a bookie joint, give him the results, and have him bet the winner before the bookie had the delayed results. A surefire system.

Immediately I saw the possibilities in the scheme. So I pumped Jasper for more information. Gill, at that very moment was seeing a few friends, trying to raise some capital to finance the venture. That's why Jasper had been playing the horses. He, too, was trying to raise a stack to get the operation going. They couldn't wait much longer because there was talk around the office that Gill was going to be kicked upstairs to a desk job away from the machines. If they were going to make a killing, it had to be before then.

I wanted in, in the worst way. "Just for a couple of hundred dollars—that's all," I literally begged.

"We gotta talk to Gill. It's his operation."

• • •

We did talk to Gill, the very next day. Jasper took me up to his office and we hashed it over in the hall after Gill showed me around the place. The hum of the teletype machines inside the office drowned out our conversation.

Jasper put the proposition up to Gill, who scratched his chin with his greasy fingertips. "Well, the truth of the matter is, Jasper, we may have to let him in. I can't raise any dough. And we gotta have something to start with. How much you got?" He asked the little fellow.

Two hundred was all Jasper had been able to raise.

"We gotta do it soon. In three weeks, with the new job, I won't be able to touch a machine. It's now or never."

For some reason I got just a little suspicious at this point. Not much, but a little.

"Look," I said, "we've got a few hundred between the two of us. Let's try it out with what we've got for a couple of bets."

I wanted to see if the idea would really work before I mentioned my ten thousand dollars. I'd forgotten that in an unguarded moment, I'd already revealed my net worth to Jasper.

So we tried it. Jasper and I took our station the following afternoon in a cigar store right near a bookie joint. It was one of the big places, complete with cashier's office, direct teletype wires to the telegraph office and a posting board for each track.

At exactly 2:40 Gill called the cigar store, gave us the winner of the first

race at a northern track. We raced into the bookie's and bet \$50 on the horse. And she came in first. We tried it again in the fourth race and again we picked up our winnings.

Then Jasper got anxious. "I think that's enough for the day. If we keep running in and out with each race, they'll start thinking that something is fishy. We'll try again tomorrow."

We met Gill after work and told him about the success we had. But Gill looked worried. "It's fine, really good," he said, "but sooner or later the bookie's going to get wise to all this running in and out. We have to have a real stake—make one big killing and then clear out."

"Don't worry," I assured him. "Give me two days and I'll have ten thousand dollars down here to play with."

They both agreed that amount would do it. So I wired my bank in New York and a draft was sent to me through a New Orleans bank. I cashed it and we sat nervously in the telephone booth waiting for Gill's call. It came and I heard his voice over the phone saying to me, "Place the whole bundle on Number 6, in the second race. And make it good. I think my boss is beginning to suspect something. This may be the last time we can pull this."

It was like a comedy act—a grim one at that—the way we burst through the door to the bookie's and placed our bet. We waited for the winner to be posted. And there it was up on the board—Number 6 in the Second.

The cashier took our receipt and began counting out our money. But before he finished, the manager entered the cage and told him to halt all payments. The race was contested—a photo finish. Official results would be along in a minute.

The came, all right. But Number six was in *second place!* We had lost the whole wad—my savings—every cent I had in the world. I was mad enough to kill someone. "Wait'll I get that cousin of yours," I stormed at Jasper. "I'll kill him."

We walked around to Gill's office and met him as he came out of the building, a grin a mile wide on his face. "Well, how much?" he asked. "What's our share?" He slapped me heartily.

"Whaddaya mean?" I growled. "You know as well as we do that the nag lost."

"You're crazy," he bellowed. "I told you to bet him for *place*—he placed didn't he? I knew the race was being disputed between him and number three. But you couldn't have lost on a place bet."

I was steaming mad at this time. "You told me to place it all on..."

"Man," he interrupted, "don't you know what it means to *place* a bet. *Place . . . place . . . place!* When I said *place the bet*, it meant—and it



An Important Message To Every Man And Woman In America Losing His Or Her Hair

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always means—bet the horse to place—not to win!"

Suddenly I believed that it was all my fault. I found myself pleading with them not to blame me. In the heat of the excitement I must have lost my head.

"Nuts," Gill snapped at me. "It's too late now to be sorry. The whole deal's blown up in our faces. In two weeks I'm downtown and the operation's closed. Right now, my boss is already suspicious about the machines going out three times in as many days. It's all over, man. You've gummed up the works for good."

And with that he walked away, leaving me feeling like the prize sap. Jasper's neck sort of receded into his shirt collar as he shrugged and mournfully turned his back on me to follow Gill down the street.

I walked back to my hotel, sick and lonely and darn near dead broke. I could wire for money to get me back home, but that was all.

...

That night I sat in my room and drank a few highballs. Then I ordered a paper. I don't know what made me do it, but I turned to the sports section and went over the race results. And then I noticed the entry for the second race. Number 3 had won by three lengths over our horse—there was no dispute—no photo finish—no nothing. Somehow, I'd been framed—taken to the cleaners but I didn't know just how.

But then I did the smartest thing I have ever done in my life. I went to the police. In the back of my mind was the thought that this swindle was pretty much the same as the one that took me in a little tent at a fair in Derby. This time I wasn't going to let them get away with it—not if I could help it. Even if it meant admitting that I'd made a fool of myself. Even if it meant admitting that for a while I'd been just as much a crook as they were. All I wanted was to see those two behind bars.

I reported the whole mess to a desk sergeant who referred me to the captain of police. He went with me to the teletype office and the bookie joint. Both places were cleaned of any vestige of the illegal operation.

It was then that the police captain explained how I had been taken. Jasper was the roper, the guy whose job it was to lead me to the inside man, Gill. The telegraph office was a front and so was the bookie joint. The cashier, the bookie manager, the other bettors in the joint, were all shills hired by the two con men to impress me. The same went for the other employees I'd seen in the telegraph office.

What I couldn't figure about the whole operation was the way they made any money off me—after all,

a set-up like theirs must have cost almost as much as the ten thousand dollars I'd lost. The captain explained that, too. I was probably the last of a long line of suckers they had trimmed in the last month or so. But the other suckers hadn't squawked to the cops. Actually, ten thousand dollars was about as small a sum as they'd work for. And the reason they had folded after skinning me was that they probably had a tail on me every moment after they left me that afternoon. As soon as the tail saw me going into the police station they knew the heat was on. The set-up at the bookie's and the telegraph office could be dismantled in about twenty minutes—it was planned that way. They had a fleet of cars to spirit the equipment away to a new location where they would open up shop again.

The way they handled the races was easy. Gill got his results from another bookie. When he wanted me to win, he gave me the winning horse, but actually phoned me about fifteen minutes after the original race had ended. When he wanted me to lose on the big bet, he picked the horse that came in second. Immediately after calling me, he called the phoney bookie and told him how to handle the result board. And, of course, telling me to place the bet was where he took his big chance. But, as the captain said, he's never known of even a good horse player who didn't fall for this little trick of horse parlance.

And that's the whole explanation the captain gave me.

But there's a lot more that he told me that I can pass on to you—general rules for everyone to follow when faced with a proposition that seems to promise a fast dollar.

...

First of all, *know the man you're doing business with*, no matter how good the proposition may appear. This goes from penny-ante card games to a guy who approaches you with an oil, stock or real estate deals. Watch yourself especially on this score when you are on vacation. Con men just love to get their mitts on a sucker when the poor dope is on unfamiliar ground.



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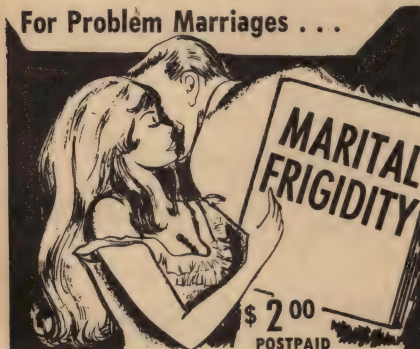
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There are a hundred games they can get you with. I've seen some that started with flipping coins in a railroad station, ending up with the sucker losing as much as two hundred dollars when the stakes got high. There's a con game played with a phoney stock broker's office that's an exact duplicate of the race game that took me. There's another one that involves a con man who claims he's a representative of a big New York betting syndicate—he can fix races—or has a 'perfect system!'

You hear a lot about oil wells, phoney stocks and real estate swin-

dles. Actually, these have gone out of vogue lately. It's the race games or the stock broker's office game that is most prevalent these days. There's been a fair amount of publicity warning the public about these games, but somehow it doesn't seem to take hold.

A year ago, the New Orleans gang that gifted me out of my ten thousand dollars was arrested and tried. When all the evidence was in, police found that this gang alone had cleaned up over \$700,000 during a four year period in the New Orleans and Miami Beach areas. The evidence consisted of the testimony of men, former victims of the gang, who came forward to testify. Among them was the manager of one of the country's leading newspapers, a clergyman, and—believe it or not—a big-time Chicago gambler! No one is immune.

Police files show that no group or section of the country is without its con game victims. You may be next. Don't let your savings become a part of the \$54,000,000 estimated pot taken from the American public each year. Play it smart—play it legal. And if you do get hooked, report it to the police as quickly and quietly as you can.

You may save another man's money for him—and if you're luckier than I was, you might get your own back.

VICE AND PASSION

(Continued from page 19)

Hercules could do the job adequately.

Jackson Ritchie (pseudonym), a UCLA quarterback in his senior year—six-two at 220—had all the attributes of the successful camp manager. Applying for a job in Southern California recently—an adult camp physical director—Ritchie did the "drag" spring months on weekends and so well, he was upped to assistant chief of staff. Ritchie was a guy who liked a good time as much as the next character, but even he admitted defeat when the regular camping season was only halfway along.

"I thought I could handle a lot of women," Ritchie admitted with a rueful grin. "But after a while when they started coming in droves, I found out the truth—there was only so much of me to take into the bushes. I had a nervous breakdown. . . ."

Funny to everybody but Jackson Ritchie.

THE bigger, ritzier the camp, it would appear, the more flagrant, lascivious and startling the antics of its clientele. An adult camp on the south shore of New Jersey competes successfully for the plea-

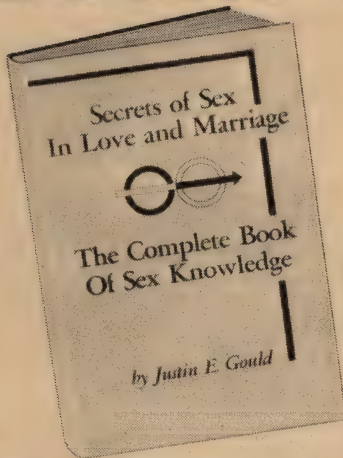
sure set with any of the big Adirondacks and Catskills bailiwicks. It is the net product of what has been accomplished when \$250,000 has been poured into an immense countryside with an eye toward luxury. Sumptuous dormitories and cottages (for impromptu affairs when the grass is too wet) are nested among the pines, scarcely a hundred yards from the dwellings of the opposite sex. Nobody stands guard at night. What for? They're all over eighteen and on their own. The camp has its own theater, nightclub and bars (six of 'em) and, naturally, two orchestras and a Mexican serenade group.

In season, if you call for a reservation (call any of the bigger ones for that matter), the chances are you can negotiate a discount. Males being at a premium inevitably; this reporter in researching this story, found the guy on the other end of the phone most agreeable "to a week at twenty off if you come without your wife." That week at Camp S—was a liberal education in the extremes in which many an otherwise "respectable unattached woman" will behave when she lets her hair down and signs in as an adult camper.

TURNING off the main highway into a rustic road (totem poles

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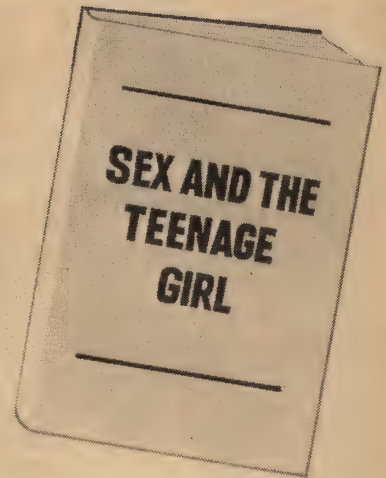
• Better sexual practice using latest sex discoveries • Latest methods of sex hygiene for sex organs of both male and female • Proper action of husband and wife in performing sex act • Difference in sexual reaction in men and women • Sex act perfection • Careful planning for the wedding night and honeymoon • Treatments for increasing sex ability • Up to date methods of mutual sex satisfaction • Natural birth control • Sex practices in other countries • Becoming pregnant • Comprehensive sex methods and techniques for mutually agreeable sex act • The problem of frigidity in women and how to overcome it • Obtaining the most desirable satisfaction from sex • Various types of sexual satisfaction • How much sex is too much or too little • Bypassing harmful sex relations • Sex degeneracy • Sex organs of the male and female • Controlling climax for utmost mutual satisfaction • Disease prevention • Performing the sex act during pregnancy • Treatment of abnormal sex cases • Choosing best mate for good married sex life • How climax is caused in the female • Errors made by men in sex relations • Proper method of sex on wedding night • How to prevent failure of climax in woman • Male and female reaching climax together • Operation of male organs during sex act • Operation of female organs during sex act • Ideal sexual satisfaction for the woman • Causes of female sex desire • Causes of male sex desire • Overcoming instant climax in men.

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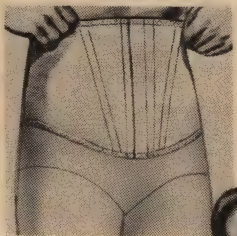
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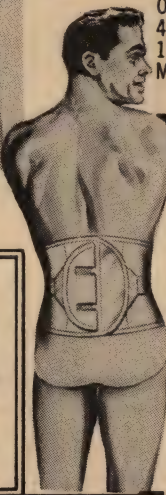
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pointing the way), the reporter checked in at the main lodge—another way of saying the big bunkhouse. Actually, it was a hotel. Hot and cold running femmes. The twenty-off guy didn't recant. Maybe the borrowed Caddy and the fancy (expense account) clothes did the trick, it was too early to tell what fate had dealt.

"Call me Happy Fred, Gene—I'm the social director and general whipping boy around here! You're staying for how long? Weeks, I hope."

"Week, maybe. Maybe less. Depends on how well," I grinned, "I do."

"Man, you're inlike Flynn!" Happy Freddy chuckled. "You can have it any way you like, Gene—play the lone wolf in your own deluxe cabin, share a cabin with two other gents, or stay in the barracks. Your choice."

He gave the guinea pig a long look and nodded wisely.

"If I were you, though, I'd take the deluxe single—built in bar, over-size Hollywood bed—the works. You'll never forget this week, Gene, take it from old Happy Fred."

He was so right.

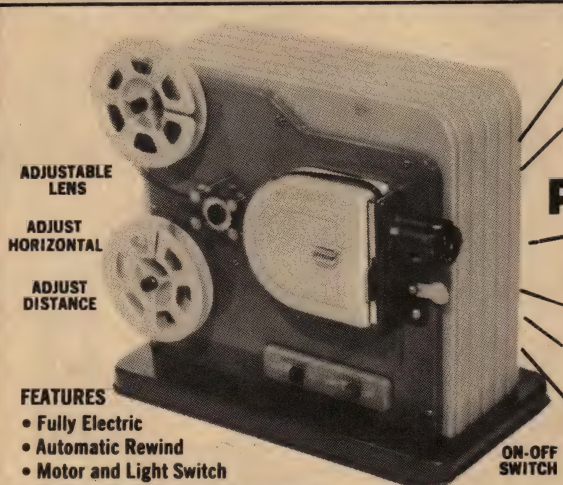
THE so-called fun began about a minute later when a quartet of effervescent and neat-looking gals came strolling up to the desk inquiring for male. Notmail—male. Available male looking to live it up. They were tentatively identified as Big Irma, Little Irene Horn Kitchie Koo Jones and Honebelle Schwab. They were in the uniform of the day: tight bullfighter's pants and sheer blouses that matched. They were built girls, properly built and oh so friendly on the draw. They all wanted to shake the hand of the new tenant in Cabin Thirteen.

"I'll call one of the staffers to get your gear," Happy Freddie cued the quartet. "I won't be but a minute—"

"Don't you dare, Freddie!" the quartet chorused. "We'll show Gene the way. You just peddle your papers!"

That was the start of a fantastic, typical adult camp vacation. Viewed objectively, a guy stuck at a French Foreign Legion outpost in the middle of the Sahara might well dream about such happenings, but New Jersey's a far cry from the Sahara and such spectacular hankypanky ain't supposed to go on in police civilization. It went on *ad nauseum*.

Starting five minutes later when the reporter tucked the borrowed Caddy (you could drive up in a Model A and it wouldn't make a particle of difference just as long as you were male) under a carport and dragged his gear in, the girls set the ball in motion. They knew Cabin Thirteen like the inside of their lewd souls. The liquor stock (supplied by



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Every contestant will be notified of his standing within 30 days after we receive entry. Part of our program is devoted to assistance in the training of student nurses. In 1966 we awarded eight Town and Country Scholarships for nurses' training.

RULES

1. Solve this puzzle as you would any other crossword puzzle except that the letters you supply are determined, not by definitions, but by letter values.
2. Fill in every empty square with a letter. When completed, every series of 2 or more letters must spell a word, both across from left to right, and down. Every word appearing in the solution must be taken from the accompanying "OFFICIAL WORD LIST" and must be spelled exactly as it is there. A word may be used more than once (no limit).
3. Black squares have no value. Using the letter values shown here, add the value of all letters in each line across (BOTH THE LETTERS ALREADY IN THE PUZZLE AND THOSE YOU SUPPLY) and place these LINE TOTALS at the right of the puzzle as indicated. Then add these LINE TOTALS and put your Total Score in the space indicated. Any error in computing your score will disqualify your entry. An entry once submitted cannot be changed. However, a contestant may send in more than one entry. See Rule 6.
4. The object is to obtain the highest total score, obeying all the Rules. (See Rule 7 for ties.) This is a contest of skill. There are no "tricks" planned or allowed.
5. Anyone at least 18 years of age, from the U.S. or Canada (including military personnel abroad), may enter this contest except members and employees of the sponsors, their advertising agents and their immediate families. Each entry must be accompanied by a \$3.00 entry fee. This fee is to cover costs, administrative expenses, and scholarships for student nurses.
6. A contestant may send in more than one entry, but each entry must be accompanied by the \$3.00 entry fee. So if you see a chance to improve on an entry you have already sent in, you may send another, providing you mail it not later than April 8, 1967. While various members of a family may each enter the contest not more than one prize may be won by one household.
7. Ties are expected, in which case a tiebreaker will be required. It will be sent only to those who may be tied for any of the prizes. The tiebreaker will be similar to this puzzle. It will be the same size, 11 squares each way, but with fewer letters supplied, and more empty squares. The Official Word List, with more words, will also be supplied. Seven days will be allowed for solving tiebreakers. Highest score wins highest prize for which there are ties, and so on. Each tiebreaker has its own rules and may have slight changes. If any ties still remain, additional tiebreakers up to 4 more may be sent to determine the winners. If any ties still remain after the 5 tiebreakers, then the full amount of the prize or prizes tied for will be awarded to each tied contestant. However, in all our previous contests, 2 tiebreakers or less were required to determine all winners. There is never any additional fee for tiebreakers, in OUR contests.
8. Contestants shall not receive from, nor furnish to, anyone outside their own household, all or part of any solution in this contest.
9. Cut out the entry blank along the dotted lines, enclose your \$3.00 fee and mail to Town and Country Ass'n, P. O. Box 1562, Tacoma, Wash. 98401. Entries must be postmarked not later than April 8, 1967, and received by April 20, 1967.
10. Promptness Prize—\$500.00 cash. If you send your entry and \$3.00 fee on or before the date shown on the Official Entry Blank, you will qualify for the \$500.00 Promptness Prize. This Promptness Prize will be added to the first prize only.
11. When we receive your entry and \$3.00 entry fee we will send you:
 - a. Acknowledgment of your entry (LET US KNOW IF NOT RECEIVED IN 30 DAYS.)
 - b. Notification of your standing at this point in the contest.
 - c. Our latest bulletin of news about our contests.
 - d. Prizes will be paid about July 20, 1967. At that time we will send you the list of prize winners and a copy of the highest scoring solutions.
12. By entering this contest, you agree to accept the judges' decisions as final. The sponsors reserve the right to offer increased prizes, extra word charts and positional word lists. We cannot be responsible for lost or delayed mail. The sponsors shall decide any questions that may arise concerning this contest. All entries become the property of the sponsors. This contest is subject to all Federal, State and Local regulations.

First Prize Winners in our 6 latest contests are:

- Contest No. 7, \$2,500.00 cash was won by Mrs. Betty E. Lee, 856 West Sammamish Road No., Bellevue, Wash. (All prizes were paid in full in June, 1961.)
 Contest No. 8, \$3,000.00 cash was won by William A. Miller, Jr., 225 So. 40th St., Philadelphia, Pa. (All prizes were paid in full in June, 1962.)
 Contest No. 9, \$3,000.00 cash was won by Mrs. G. L. Girardo, 148 E. 108th Ave., Denver, Colo. (All prizes were paid in full in July and August, 1963.)
 Contest No. 10, \$3,000.00 cash was won by Wilbur E. Wanstrom, Almont, N. Dak. (All prizes were paid in full in July, 1964.)
 Contest No. 11, \$2,000.00 cash was won by Gordon M. Thompson, 1526 Gulf St., Hobbs, N. Mexico. (All prizes were paid in full in July, 1965.)
 Contest No. 12, \$6,000.00 cash was won by Mrs. Sadie Pearson, 87 Dundas St., Wallaceburg, Ont., Canada. (All prizes were paid in full in July, 1966.)

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B-1
C-1
D-1
E-1
F-2
G-1
H-1
I-2
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K-1
L-2
M-3
N-1
O-3
P-1
Q-1
R-2
S-2
T-1
U-2
V-1
W-1
X-1
Y-2
Z-1



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AGED	DRY	JAW	NEEDS	TRY
ALL	EAT	JEST	NOT	WAG
AS	FA	JUST	ON	WAIT
AT	FOR	LA	OUGHT	WANT
AWL	FUN	LAD	RE	WELL
BAG	FUR	LID	REED	WHY
BAR	GOLD	LOW	REEL	WILL
DAD	GOOD	MA	TED	YON
DAY	IF	MOO	TIL	YOU

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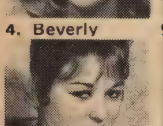
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the camp at a nominal fee) was adequate. Big Irma turned on the hi-fi set and the sensual gyrations of four women cha-chaing, added zest to a drink that was six parts straight whiskey, one part water. Little Irene did the pouring. She reminded the reporter of his sailor days when a guy took a femme to his apartment and promised faithfully not to get her drunk.

To distract the gal, the guy would pour the jolt with his back to her. Well, that living doll Irene made like so.

Insane? Man, you never saw insanity till you put in a week at any of the 10,000 adult summer camps from Maine to California. The girls wanted a swim. There were forty-five women in camp and twenty-seven men, including the staff. The men, distinctly, got the worst of it. These little capers—like the one where they all sat around (maybe a dozen gals and three guys) and played Hiawatha shooting the deer. Rubber suction cup arrows can't hurt. The girls choose up sides, then both sides hunt the elusive (male) deer. Winner takes the arrow out of the guinea pig's back and starts back with her prize.

It would be serving no printable purpose to detail the harrowing, nauseating events that filled seven nights in that Jersey sex trap. Suffice it to say, the best thing that happened to this reporter was the completion of his hell week. Then the guinea pig went home and took a long bath.

THE plight of the innocent man who wants a vacation with congenial females around will have a devil of a time trying to make up some code of normal behavior. There just ain't no such animal when gals over eighteen and a few guys get together with no one around to break up the party.

What in hell gets into these women when they hit the great outdoors is beyond me. Miss Lucy Berman (pseudo) at Camp V—in the Cat-skills perhaps typifies the idiosyncratic female who, away from home and the old familiar (and critical) faces, indulges her latent appetites like some unabashed Greek goddess.

"All that jazz about the grand old time I'll have at Camp V—" La Berman took a hitch on her shorts like a guy rolling up his sleeves for a slug fest. The remark was directed at the new "director," a reporter with an in. Namely me. "Your brochure said romance, excitement, thrills galore—and I'm quoting you, goddammit—so when does all the fun begin? I've been her a week now, but I'm canceling out—"

"Maybe there's something I can do, Miss Berman."

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She gave the new director a long wolfish look.

"You're the replacement for Happy Tim, aren't you? Well, I'm the girl who got the no good blankety-blank fired—he couldn't help me. Too high class . . ."

THE new director implied he wasn't too high class, and that sat precisely right with La Berman. In her own harem the girl from Brooklyn entertained royally. The new director danced all night and, in the interest of journalistic probity, succumbed to her many grotesque charms the following day. She wasn't 36-26-36, but what a capacity the girl had.

Yet the *same* girl—back on home territory—was the very essence of propriety. That, too, was the basic part of the research. At home, Miss Berman required the escort to drop her off early for work and no petting in the car for fear of what the neighbors might say. In fact, considering her earlier conduct, her reluctance to make love unless properly woo'd seemed an incongruity beyond fiction.

Some girls, of course, go home with a slew of new names and potential winter companions. Some, as in the play, marry the handsome young waiter, the basketball player earning his tuition the hard way, even the happy chappy whose unhappy chore is trying to pacify the craven females who want the full treatment for their money. Not surprisingly, the mortality rate among waiters, social staffers and social directors is inconceivably high.

They just can't stand the gaff.

If the reader doubts any of this hard-earned research, let him go out and see for himself. They're from all walks of life—poor girls, rich girls, millionaire girls—you name it. You'll find 'em all at the adult summer camps where, incidentally, there's always an abundance of good paying "jobs."

Trouble is, friend, you may not have the capacity to hang around and collect.

ONE-MAN WAR

(Continued from page 33)

officiated at regimental parties and where young Rebel girls danced all night.

DIRECTLY opposite the gunport in which he crouched was a square of light, his objective. He knew it instantly, for it was the only truly square pane of glass along the line of low ports. It was also the only place that offered quar-

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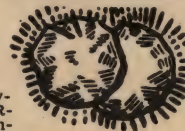
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WHO IS THIS MAN?

Behind the blindfold is the Hon. Master "Kung-Fu." That's not his real name, of course. If you were a Kung-Fu expert, you'd recognize his real name at once, if we were to reveal it. But we cannot, for his Chinese fellow Kung-Fu Masters would punish him severely for revealing the deadly maneuvers he has sworn to keep secret.

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Containing more than 150 step-by-step LIVE-ACTION and SLOW MOTION PHOTOS your personal KUNG-FU Master Instructor takes you by your hand and shows you in plain, clear and simple, easy to understand language how to use highly secret KUNG-FU to multiply your power a THOUSANDFOLD. You learn how fully armed and even pinning you to the ground can't disarm one hoodlum... send another flying through the air and slam a third into the ground—all in a split second of KUNG FU maneuver that will take your attackers by surprise!

Never Be Afraid Again!

Secretly written in the Orient the contents of this amazing "how-to" picture book was shipped to Hawaii, where it was printed under cover away from prying eyes, then sent to the U. S. for limited distribution to those who agree to apply KUNG-FU ONLY FOR SELF-DEFENSE! If you were fortunate enough to be able to go to China, Hong Kong or Hawaii to take this amazing course—and were willing to pay \$500 or even \$1,000 to your KUNG-FU Master—you would be refused, because KUNG-FU secrets are NEVER taught to strangers or outsiders! Because KUNG-FU is deadly beyond imagination (and since attack as well as defense is taught) only a small limited edition has been printed. Frankly we don't want just everybody to learn these secret maneuvers.

KUNG-FU will NOT be sold in any store, and is available ONLY by mail to serious students who must vow NEVER to use it as an aggressor—but only as self-defense to protect himself, his friends and family. We don't ever want a criminal or hoodlum to be able to buy it because of its deadly power.

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What IS Kung-FU?

KUNG-FU is the most DEADLY form of defense and attack ever devised! Even a Karate, Savate or Judo expert shudders at the thought of meeting a KUNG-FU master because he knows who the winner will be! With just a basic knowledge of KUNG-FU learned easily in the privacy of your home, this FAST, EASY, PICTURE WAY, you can beat hoodlums, OUTFIGHT TWO, THREE and even FOUR Karate or Judo experts, Professional Wrestlers or Boxers!

When CHINESE KUNG-FU arrives in your mail, you turn to page 87 and look at the easy-to-understand photo illustrations. INSTANTLY you see how easily you can turn your opponents attack into a CRIPPLING blow to his chest—a maneuver you can perform in just a few minutes of practice! A few pages later I show you how to escape a deadly strangle-hold quickly and easily by slamming your attacker into the ground!

all this without working up a sweat or even spoiling the crease in your trousers. That's because brilliantly executed KUNG-FU requires NO bodily contact... virtually NO physical exertion... and almost NO application of your body or hands! And yet KUNG-FU can be deadly, crippling and disastrous to any unfortunate opponent who is foolish enough to threaten you with ANY other technique, such as punching, Savate, Judo, Wrestling, etc! Yes, with the confidence that KUNG-FU can give you, you can walk the streets with the knowledge that NOTHING can frighten you... that you can deal with ANY man, ANY weapon, ANY situation! Your friends and loved ones will be proud of you with your new power.

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It was originally decided to offer the complete KUNG-FU instruction at \$10.00—a TREMENDOUS bargain at that price. However, to make it available to good citizens who want to use these secret maneuvers for self-defense and to help combat the ever-increasing crime rate, we are making KUNG-FU available now at the amazingly low price of just \$3.98. If you and your friends don't say that KUNG-FU has made a NEW MAN out of you, every cent you have paid will be refunded without question! Don't even bother returning the KUNG-FU book. Just tear off the front cover and mail back to us for a full, no questions asked refund. We'll take your word for it. MAIL COUPON NOW! AIR MAIL reaches us overnight.

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ters sumptuous enough for Confederate General Hebert. Now, ten long seconds after the sentry passed him, he slipped onto the catwalk and, hugging the shadows, darted toward the door with the square pane of glass. It opened abruptly and he ducked back against the wall, hugging it, as three artillerymen strode out, talking softly and admiring the fine night.

"I wish that Yankee Cushing would come downriver with his blasted gunboat!" one of them said. "Dawggone fine shooting, I'll bet."

"And about time," the second man said. "This doin' nothin' is gettin' under my skin."

"I hear," the last man said quietly, "the Yankee Cushing is a durned fine soldier. Them prisoners we caught last week claim Cushing could steal this fort brick by brick and we'd never know it."

Lieutenant William Barker Cushing, commanding officer of the U.S.S. *Monticello*, smiled grimly. He'd come a long way, the hard way, and to hear such praise from men he'd never seen — much less fought against — pleased him immensely. Cushing made a mental note not to kill any of them; he amended this suddenly, however, when one of them came too close to his gunport.

CROUCHED beside the cool brass barrel of the cannon, his body half in and half out of the port, William Barker Cushing—Abe Lincoln's one-man navy — waited calmly for death. His or theirs, it made no difference to the wild-eyed young man from Freedonia, New York. He was twenty-one, and by his own standard of longevity any Cushing of twenty-one had crammed in enough life, so that the sudden loss of same would not have left him wanting for much. It was this way in William Barker Cushing's life for sure, the naval guerilla smiled inwardly. He gripped the knife tightly as the soldier stood before his gunport, taking a match to a corncob pipe. . .

But the match went out and the three Rebel soldiers and the sentries, continued on their way obliviously. The Union's foremost guerrilla, snaked along the rampart, opened the door and moved stealthily along the wall as he made for the commanding officer's quarters.

Bursting into the room, his bowie knife held close and low, William Cushing found himself alone—completely, absurdly alone. It didn't seem right having come all this way to demoralize the Confederates, not coming away with at least one hostage. He gave it some thought, briefly, as he borrowed the CO's pen and wrote a note which he carefully deposited on General Hebert's pillow:

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WHAT CONTROLS ENGINE EFFICIENCY?

Your spark plugs control the efficiency of that ignition. And not only do they give a small spark to begin with, but they get worse every mile you drive. And that you can see for yourself. Put a new set of spark plugs in your car and then look at them at 100 miles, at 1,000 miles, at 5,000 miles. Every time you look you will see more filth and carbon and you will see more of the electrode burning away.



Now you tell me how a weak, inefficient spark from a filthy, burned out plug can possibly give you the kind of flashing, economical performance you want.

STOP USING YOUR OLD SPARK PLUGS NOW!

I am going to suggest that you stop using those borderline spark plugs in your car—that's right—get rid of them—forever.

Now please remember that if you were told a couple of years ago that your car could run without a carburetor you wouldn't have believed it—yet, today, you can have fuel injection on your car and get far more mileage, efficiency and power from less gas—and in a few years fuel injection will have completely replaced the carburetor on most cars.

All you have to do is replace your old borderline, inefficient spark plugs with a modern, efficient fuel ignition system, and you can do it yourself in fifteen minutes if you've never had a tool in your hand in your life.

PAYS FOR ITSELF IN ONE MONTH

Now, for the moment, forget about the extra pep, power and performance you are going to get—forget about the savings in spark plug replacement, forget about the savings on wear and tear on your piston and cylinders that comes from unburned gas washing the protective oil coating off the cylinder walls. Just re-

member one thing—this fuel ignition system is so inexpensive that it can pay for itself in gas savings alone in one month of driving.

Here's how: A spark plug jumps a spark of electricity across an air gap. This is the most wasteful and power-consuming way to get electricity from one place to another and it limits the size of the spark.

A Fuel Ignitor fires on the surface of an electrical semi-conductor. This is the most efficient way to get a big powerful spark into your cylinder.

On ordinary spark plugs the air gap between the electrode and the firing point is always getting bigger because the electrode is burning away. That means you have misfiring which means loss of power plus wasted gas plus raw gas to damage the cylinders and piston rings.

On Fuel Ignitors there is no ground wire electrode to burn away. This means maximum gas explosion which means full power, full economy and no raw gas to wash away the oil protection from cylinder walls and pistons.

A spark plug accumulates filth and carbon because of inefficient ignition.

A Fuel Ignitor gives you a heavy, powerful flame and you can see that by having your servicemen put a spark plug and a Fuel Ignitor in the same spark plug tester. Your Fuel Ignitor will not only show you a spark 3 times greater than the best spark plug—but as he raises the pressure up-up-up you will continue to see that big spark.

With Fuel Ignitors your ordinary gas will give you up to 8 more miles per gallon, up to 31 more horse-power, plus easier starting in all kinds of weather. Add these savings together and see for yourself why I say that Fuel Ignitors will pay for themselves every single month you drive your car.

Ordinary spark plugs have to be replaced regularly. In some of the new high compression cars, a set of plugs will burn up in a couple of months.

A Fuel Ignitor installation is guaranteed for as long as you own your car.

Now, when you get your set of FUEL IGNITORS, here is all you do. If you have automatic transmission, make a note of how fast your car crawls forward when it is in the drive position, with the motor idling. If you have a sports car, a racing car or a boat, make a note of the RPMs as indicated on the tachometer when the engine is idling. If you have regular transmission, put your car in low gear on a level road and notice its speed with the motor idling. Next take a spark plug wrench and remove your old spark plugs. Just screw your Ignitor right into the spark plug openings and get set for an amazing demonstration.

If you have automatic transmission—now put your car in drive and let your engine idle. If your car stood still with spark plugs, it will move

forward at from 4 to 6 miles per hour; that means that the amount of gas that just kept your engine turning over will now carry you up to 6 miles at no cost to you.

If you have a racing or sports car or a boat with a tachometer, your RPMs will increase up to 200 more at idling and up to 300 more at higher speeds.

If you have regular transmission, in low gear with your motor idling,



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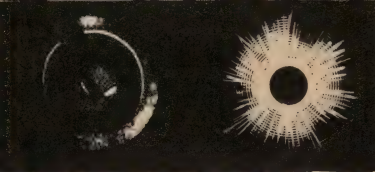
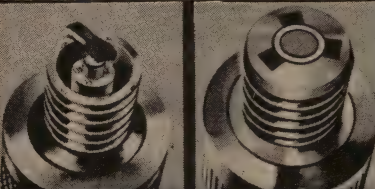
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"Dear Sir: I deeply regret that you were not home when I called... Very Respectfully, W. B. Cushing, US Navy."

Ten minutes later Cushing did find a hostage, a terrified young captain whom he awakened by lightly stroking his bowie knife across the sleeper's Adam's apple. The man didn't lunge and Cushing didn't exercise an enemy's prerogative. The captain fainted when Cushing, cavalierly, bowed at the waist and introduced himself. "Bad night all around, I fear. Sorry I alarmed you."

Eluding sentries was like breathing to young W. B. Cushing. In the morning he was back on his ship, chuckling over an adventure that unquestionably demoralized the enemy as much, if not more, than if he had ungallantly taken a life.

LIEUTENANT WILLIAM CUSHING, USN, had come up the line from Annapolis to commanding officer of Lincoln's guerrillas in two short but not uneventful years. Actually, Cushing—a "hell raiser and riotous liver"—never did graduate from the Naval Academy. A few months before the outbreak of the Civil War, Cushing was nailed to the post with a staggering 174 demerits and dismissed from the school "for everybody's good." Among his sundry offenses was the importation

of whiskey and rowdy women to the hallowed halls—something that no midshipman before or after ever managed to accomplish.

The outbreak of the war found Will, the irrepressible, volunteering in the United States Navy despite his disappointment in having failed to graduate. His first service was aboard the USS *Minnesota* where he served in the nation's first amphibious landing at Fort Hatteras. He also managed to challenge his immediate superior to a pistol duel during that time; the latter (according to the rules of the then navy) exercised a privilege and declined the fight. His first command, though temporary, was aboard the prize contraband runner *Cambridge*. He put down a mutiny and fought a brief winning battle with the North Atlantic to become, in the opinion of Secretary of the Navy Gideon Welles, "a promising officer."

AT the age of twenty, Cushing, youngest Executive Officer in the Navy, was second in command of the frigate *Perry*. The *Perry* was an "invasion" commander during the ill-fated Norfolk campaign which cost more Union lives than it was worth, but it was, nevertheless, the campaign that made Cushing's name known to President Lincoln.

On October 3, 1863, the *Perry*, *Hunchback* and *Whitehead* carrying

two hundred poorly trained recruits from Fort Dix, made the unhappy mistake of attacking Plymouth, Virginia. The Union amphibians streamed ashore into a deadly crossfire from Confederate riflemen and howitzer marksmen. In less than fifteen minutes only the landing boat crews remained alive. Cushing, brandishing a Navy pistol, stood on a longboat bow and bellowed for attention:

"If there's a redblooded man that hears my voice, let him follow me. I spit on the man who hears me and hides his face!"

Six volunteers jumped into the longboat and pulled it into the shore. The Rebels were racing down to the beach as Cushing and his men unloaded a single howitzer. Suddenly a barrage of shells landed in their midst. Cushing fell, a flesh wound in his side. The mud bank exploded about the suicide corps and as Cushing slowly retreated from the world of nothingness, he gasped at a Confederate charge that was less than thirty yards away. He deliberately pulled up his pistol and checked fire—then, finally, when he found a target, the gun misfired.

CUSHING stood up, his feet planted in the mud, determined to catch the Confederate officer's saber with his bare hands. The daring young man from Freedonia might have been written into the books as a martyr, but a grizzled sailor from the *Hunchback* saved his skin. Just as the Rebel was to plunge the saber into Cushing's belly, a musket went off behind him. A man leaning up on one elbow, a trickle of blood rushing from his lips, smiled at the commander of the suicide brigade.

"Mighty close one, sir," the sailor winked.

Cushing winked back. He fired the howitzer single-handed and stemmed the attack long enough to haul the still-living volunteers back to his ship. It was a moment that burned deep in William Cushing's memory. "I owe my life," he wrote in his diary, "to a man I never knew, and I am grateful to be alive today. I will never again look down my nose at the ordinary seaman. God knows I wouldn't even have a nose had it not been for that fine fellow..."

ON October 18, the brash young lieutenant engaged in his first solo offensive. Scouting the Rebel brickworks at Wilmington, Cushing saved a good many Union lives by accurately charting the Confederate defenses. Walking through the city and making a mental note of everything he saw, the Yankee naval officer took time off, briefly, to spend a few hours romancing a Confederate belle. The lady's name is lost to history, but Cushing, a prodigious writer, gloating noted, "I captured her



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heart in jig time... and soon after we spent a halycon afternoon in the privacy of her chambers. Southern women exude a passion uncommonly violent. I'd like to meet her again when there is more time to discover the fruits—of which she has plenty!"

The amphibious raid on Wilmington came off without a hitch. Cushing's notes accurately described the brickwork, the waterworks, the railroad yards. A force of thirty-five Union sailors went ashore and smashed the town so suddenly that not a man was lost and the entire raiding party escaped before a Confederate troop could be assembled to smash back.

Cushing's reputation as an incomparable fighter came with the unexpected command of the gunboat *Ellis*. Cornered by five Confederate ironclads, Cushing and a small, desperate crew fought their ship down to the waterline before swimming through a hail of lead and fire to safety. His reputation was made. A few days before his twenty-first birthday, Cushing of the *Commodore Barney*, a 512-ton man o'war with a battery of five 100-pounders, a 100-pound Parrot rifle and a twelve-pound howitzer. She carried thirteen officers and a crew of 125 men. On April 13th, opposing a superior Confederate force, Cushing fought *Barney* down to the waterline, but managed to keep her from falling into Rebel hands. Most of his crew was dead and his ship was a derelict, virtually, but it did not go down.

Another notch was added to Cushing's restless gun.

IN the fall of 1864 Cushing conceived and carried through the plan to torpedo the Confederate dreadnought, *Albemarle*. At the time, the enemy's most formidable warship, the *Mighty A*, so dubbed by her admiring crew because of her record of Federal kills and her apparent invincibility in critical situations, was lying at Plymouth, North Carolina, some eight miles up the Roanoke River.

To expedite his bold plan, he talked a Navy shipyard out of two thirty-foot, open launches, and proceeded to fit them out with small engines and screw propellers. The main armament of Cushing's flagship was a twelve-pound howitzer, behind which was a boom of fourteen feet, "swinging by a goose-neck hinge to the bluff of the bow..." To rig out his torpedo, a topping life, fitted to an inboard stanchion, neatly raised or lowered it as the need demanded. The torpedo was fitted to an iron slide at the end, a complicated arrangement, but a brilliant device it was proved.

It took quite a bit of time, several weeks, actually, to make Cushing's punishment fit the crime—getting the

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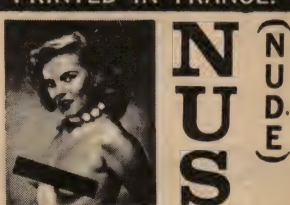
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torpedo to work. Towed from the boom by means of a jigger-heel leading inboard (and to be exploded by another line), the Rube Goldbergian device was connected to the firing line by a link pin, which held a grape shot, which was finally contained over a nipple and cap. Having a limited number of these monstrosities, they graciously accepted the word of torpedo-engineer Lay that his diabolical scheme would work. They then loaded provisions and headed south through the canals to Chesapeake Bay. At Norfolk a storm claimed fifty percent of their fleet, whereupon Cushing (there were seven other sailors present) and crew doubled up and continued their run.

BUT they were far from being out of the woods. Midway through the Chesapeake and Albemarle canal, passage was blocked by a glut of sunken debris. Undaunted, they hauled their vessel out of the water, carrying it and its equipment several miles downstream, where they again re-rigged and put the launch back in the water. Two days later they began a thirty mile run through Rebel territory to the sound, which they reached after surviving a gale that pushed them to Roanoke Island.

Fifty miles upsound, the doughty crew of Cushing's warship spotted the Union fleet anchored off the mouth of the Roanoke River. The fleet was hoping for an engagement with the ram, *Albemarle*. "For the first time," Cushing wrote, "I disclosed to my men and officers our object and told them they were at liberty to go or not, as they pleased . . ."

Thus, having suffered an excess of difficulties, the seven men voted on it—seven voted to go with Lieut. Cushing. It was asked, reasonably or maybe a little swaggeringly, *how bad could the damned Albemarle be after the siege they'd just been through?* Lincoln's young commando didn't care to minimize the danger. Beneath the mantle of rugged military man was another man, fretful for the safety of his crew and for the ultimate success of their mission.

If mere speculation on an engagement with *Albemarle* had tied up the whole Yankee fleet, what chance did a crew of maniacs have? *Albemarle* was securely shielded in mooring at Plymouth, eight miles down river—a river that was 150 yards at its widest, and guarded by a succession of forts and a mid-stream guard. In a strategic position was *Southfield*, only her hurricane deck showing, aboard which was a rotating guard. The first sign of trouble brought a rocket explosion overhead. Several thousand Rebel troops were stationed on both banks and in the forts—one rocket evoked a spontaneous hail of fire, concentrated in

a heaping dosage and invariably fatal. The Yankee fleet had learned the facts of life the hard way, and Admiral Porter had no intention of killing more men in a foolhardy attempt to sink the impossible.

IN the case of volunteers, however, the Admiral was tractable. He gave Cushing thirteen tough sailors, a supply of cutlasses, revolvers and grenades, and wished them well. It wasn't much against the resources of a huge garrison and an infinity of firepower, Cushing knew, but the dye was cast and he had a play to make. "Impossibilities are for the timid," he wrote. "We were determined to overcome all obstacles. On the night of October 27th we entered the river, taking in tow a small cutter and the new men. Their job was to dash aboard the *Southfield* and silence the guard before anybody fired a rocket."

Under cover of a moonless night, the torpedo boat and cutter moved downstream the full eight miles. A few hundred yards from the first fort, the Yankees saw the low outline of the wreck. The motor was cut. At the helm of the torpedo boat Cushing sucked in his breath and held steady amidstream, passing the pickets at *thirty feet* but without discovery.

"Let's board her!" Cushing hissed. "I know the town—we can land below at the wharf and come aboard from the bank!"

"You mean *not* blow her up? Lieutenant, there's a thousand men aboard that ship! How can we take her?"

"I don't know how," Cushing snapped. "But we sure as hell can try. You men with me?"

Muffled affirmatives sounded in the two boats. Cushing felt a right-



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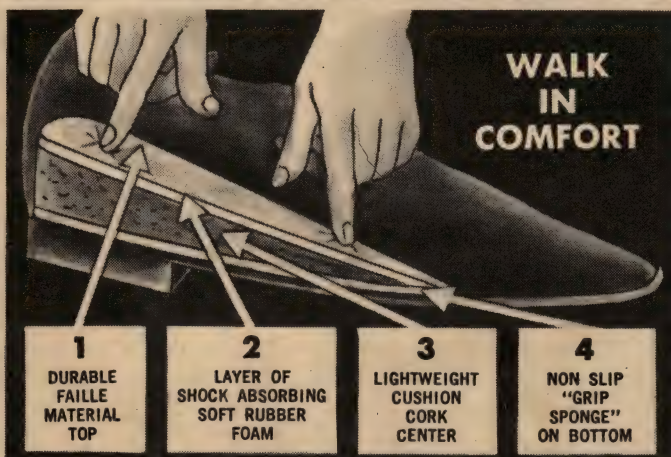
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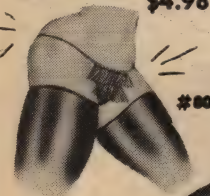
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eousness in his insane scheme—how far does the element of surprise go? Cushing wondered.

BUT he didn't wonder very much longer. Shearing off from the open stream to the town wharf, the two open boats with navy men crouched tensely under the gunnels, passed in the shadow of the mountainous ironclad. Suddenly the silence was broken—once, twice, as an enemy picket challenged them from the *Albemarle*. A Confederate officer screamed down. "Yankees! All guns bend down—Commence firing!"

Howarth, the stern line man, cast off the cutter which streaked toward the rear guard, firing for all it was worth. In that instant the ram opened a salvo on the onrushing torpedo boat; the forts blazoned light of bonfires and soldiers running along the shores began popping off their rifles. The *Albemarle*, most sought prize of the Civil War, lay dead ahead, surrounded by a circle of logs boomed completely around her and out from her sides. Cushing hitched up full speed and ran along closeby the mammoth iron hull, looking for a hole, but at the same time taking the concentrated fire of hundreds of guns. Three of his mended instantly. He swung the launch away from the logs and raced out, heeling sharply at a hundred yards for the purpose of hitting the boom squarely at right angles and hoping that the slime on the logs would permit the launch to jump the boom! Once inside, Cushing's launch couldn't possibly get out again.

"Down flat!" he rasped. "Here goes—lower the torpedo, men!"

A charge of buckshot crackled from the ironclad's deck, ripping the back out of Cushing's coat. He felt blood draining into his pants, then a stab of pain as a load of grape carried away the sole of his right shoe. One fraction of a moment was without firing. It came then, seconds before the launch vaulted the boom.

"This is the captain!" a man shouted in the darkness above. "Who the hell are you—what boat are you?"

John Howarth yelled back: "We're Mr. Lincoln's commandos, you fat-headed sonuva—!"

THE others shouted too, but Cushing was too busy to hear anything but the splintering cracking of their launch as it leaped from the river and cleared the boom. The ram, *Albemarle*, was fifty yards inside its protective, supposedly impregnable ring of logs. Cushing headed straight for the *Mighty A*, screaming to Howarth and Lay to lower the torpedo boom. The forward motion of the launch carried the torpedo under the flared overhang of the great, black ram.

"Cushing! Pull the detaching-line!"

At ten feet, a Rebel cannon belched flame and grape into the speeding launch. Cushing fired the torpedo. The impact of a hundred pounds of grape fired at point-blank range was almost as concussive as the swelling roar of Lay's magnificent invention. A mountain of water crashed down on the launch. Above him Cushing saw a sheet of yellow flame sear upward the full length of the *Albemarle*, but he couldn't see after that because one of their bullets chunked into his hand and at the same time his launch capsized. Vaguely conscious, Cushing wedged himself on the log boom and as a second wave descended, he heard the breaking up noise in the ram and more explosions and he dove under, ignoring his wounds and the spraying salvos from shore to swim away into the channel and drift onto a piece of debris and lose consciousness.

THE sole escapee William Cushing, emerged from the reeds four days later, more dead than alive. He was a walking container of Rebel gunshot when a young Negro found him and helped to return him to Yankee lines. The Negro told Cushing that there wasn't an *Albemarle* any more, that it was a gutted wreck lying at the bottom of the river within the splinters of a great broken boom. His friends were caught and imprisoned, but even in the bitterness of sudden shattering defeat, Lay, Howarth and Meller were treated with great respect for their courage and the incredible feat in which they participated.

Later, they heard that Cushing was alive and that a grateful nation had asked its Congress to publicly acclaim him, as well as themselves, for an act of inconceivable heroism

for, to use the words of the *Albemarle's* own captain, "the most gallant thing that was done during the war. . ."

Cushing, the irrepressible, was promoted to lieutenant commander at the age of twenty-two, and given a formal vote of thanks from Congress. Much later, Cushing collected \$53,000 as his share of the spoils for the torpedoing of the ironclad. After the war, Cushing ascended to the position of Executive Officer, Washington Navy Yard.

On January 8, 1875 Cushing succumbed from a brain ailment. Lincoln's one-man navy, the prototype guerrilla and unquestionably the man who *shortened* the Civil War by a good running year, had the belated satisfaction in death of being buried at Bluff Point, Naval Academy Cemetery. He'd finally graduated. . . and a grateful Union mourned his passing.

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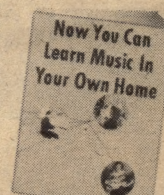
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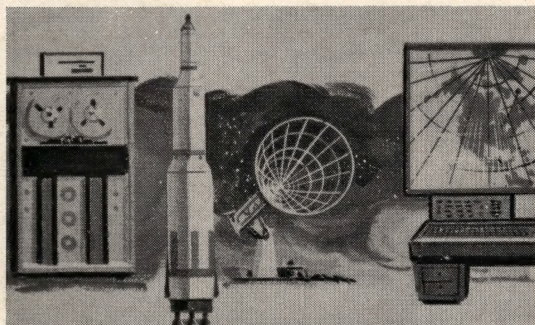
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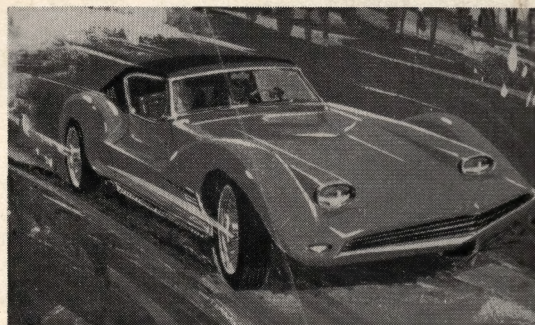
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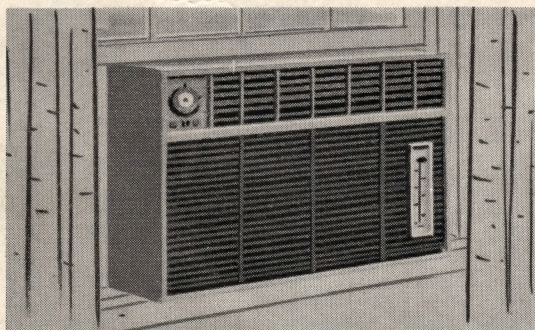
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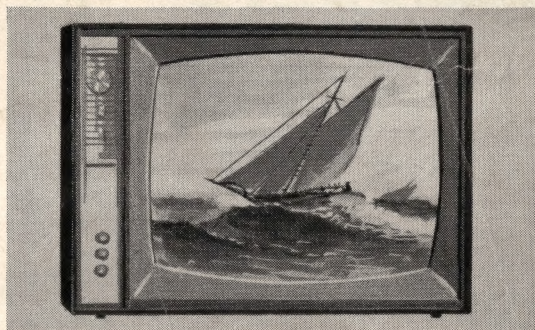
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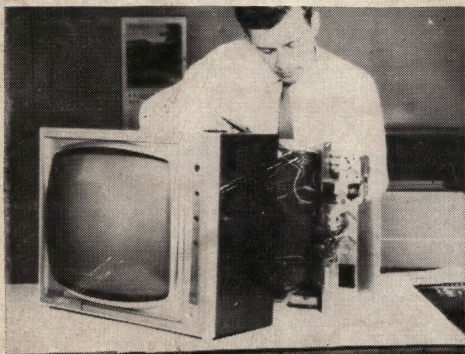
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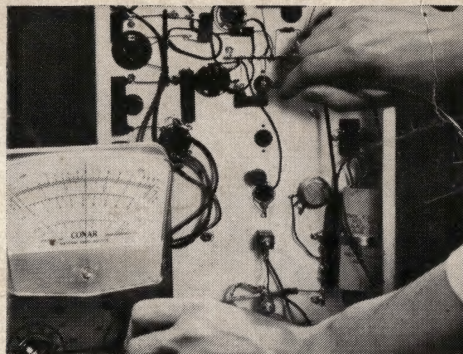
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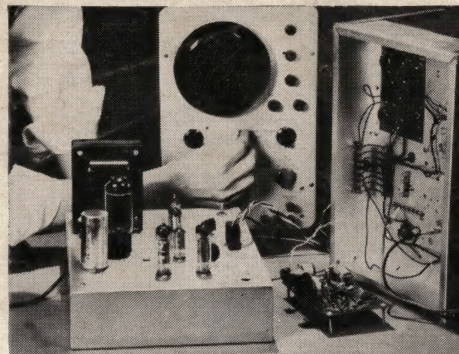
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